WHAT I LEARNED ABOUT CONGRESS . . . By Norman Cousins

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THE Saturday Review OF LITERATURE

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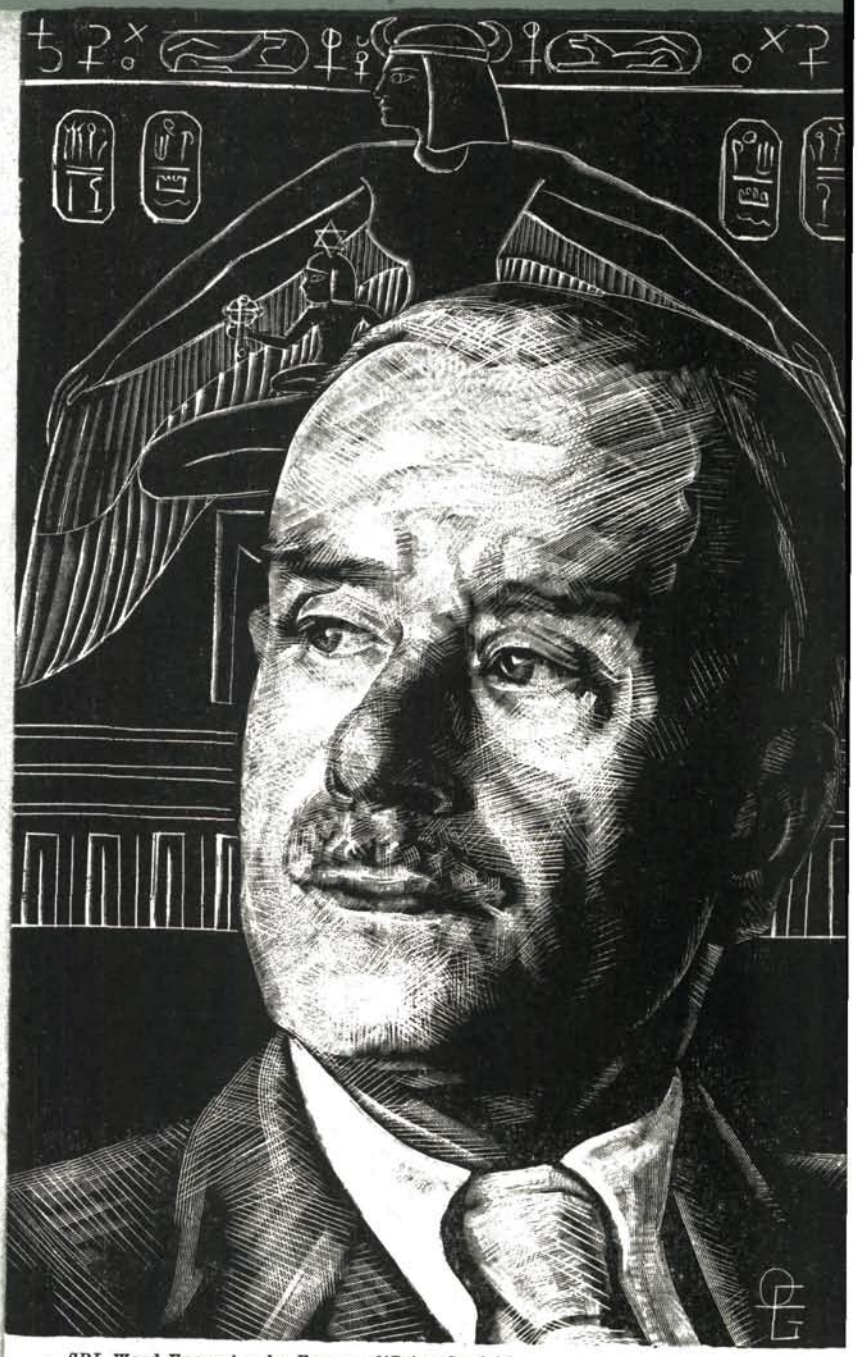

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The Saturday Review of Literature

What I Learned About Congress

A Willing Pupil Takes A One-Day Course

NORMAN COUSINS

THIS is a report of a visit to Washington for the purpose of learning about Congress at first hand from Senator Robert A. Taft, of Ohio. The trip grew out of a poem, "Recess for the Boys," by William Rose Benét, appearing in the Phoenix Nest of *The Saturday Review* (April 8, 1944). Senator Taft read the poem, which satirized absenteeism in Congress, then wrote to Mr. Benét, terming the criticism unreasonable and inviting the Pulitzer Prize poet to visit him for the purpose of learning just how Congress actually works.

This was the second time within a year that Mr. Benét had been tendered a distinguished invitation to learning. The first invitation came last summer from Thomas W. Lamont, head of the house of J. P. Morgan & Company, following a column by Mr. Benét on war profits. Mr. Lamont disagreed and offered to augment Mr. Benét's education in economics. The present invitation came from one of the most prominent and active Senators in Congress, son of a former President of the United States, and himself a "dark horse" possibility for the Republican Presidential nomination, according to some political commentators.

The staff urged Mr. Benét to accept; clearly, solicitude for Mr. Benét's education was becoming a matter of considerable national importance.

But Mr. Benét found it impossible to accept. Other plans precluded even a one-day trip to Washington, and the keeper of the Phoenix Nest called upon me to pinch hit. Needless to say, I jumped at the chance, conscious of serious educational deficiences of my own on Congress requiring expert attention. First, however, it was necessary to find out whether Senator Taft approved the change in the batting order. The Senator affably agreed, suggested a date—June 15—and supplied an advance outline of the following course of study:

Morning Classes

9 to 10 A. M. Senator's office, general routine, mail, organizing notes for committee meetings.

10 to Noon. Observation in the theory and practice of a Senate committee.

Noon to 1 P. M. Observation in the theory and practice of the Senate itself. Vantage point: gallery.

Afternoon Classes

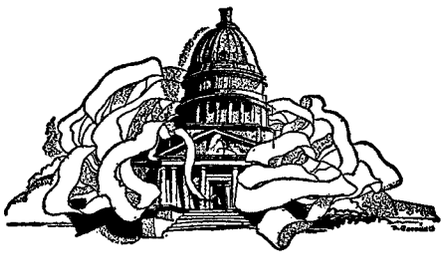
1 to 1:45 P. M. Refueling in the Senator's lunchroom. Instruction optional.

1:45 to 3:00 P. M. Resumption of Senate theory and practice from the gallery.

3:00 to 4:00 P. M. Parallel instruction at the House of Representatives. Gallery observation with the Senator.

4:00 P. M. to as long as necessary. Summary lecture, at the Senator's office, the pupil to remain during visitors' calls.

As it actually turned out, the course was well planned, though somewhat intensive, and there was little deviation from the original outline. I arrived in Washington the evening of June 14, and set out early the next morning in high anticipation inevitably tinged with nostalgia at the prospect of going back to school. The scarcity of cabs, the heavy traffic, and my remarkable facility in getting lost within five seconds after entering any Government building, all combined to make me about twenty minutes late, something I had vowed to myself I would not let happen. I did not want to give the idea that Senators get to their offices any earlier or work any harder than editors of literary magazines. With profound chagrin, I learned that my mentor had arrived at 8:50 A. M., had asked for me, had worked for about fifteen minutes, then had stepped out of the office. While waiting for him to return, I became acquainted with Mr. I. Jack Martin, the Senator's secretary, a genial, somewhat slight man of about 35, who was most cooperative in providing valuable basic orientation in office routine.



I learned from Mr. Martin that the Senator receives an average of 250 letters a day, though on peak days the number is so high they don't even bother to count it; I learned, too, that many of the letters or telegrams come from organizations and pressure groups; that it is impossible for the Senator himself to read all the letters, let alone answer them; that Mr. Martin screens through the most important ones for the Senator's personal attention; that the others are assorted, collated, tabulated, and filed after they are acknowledged—usually in the form of mimeographed letters. I learned that the Senator is interested in the we-want-you-to-do-thus-and-so mail but not dependent on it and generally uninfluenced by it. Even the pressure telegram, talking at the top of its capital letters, must go through the same processing as the less formidable regular correspondence.

I LEARNED that the Senator is assisted by a staff of seven: a "Secretary" who is actually the office manager and special assistant; a research or correspondence chief; and five secretarial stenographers or typists. The research chief and a secretarial clerk work in an additional office provided for Senator Taft in the Capitol itself, within easy distance of the Senate Chamber and the Committee rooms. Not all Senators enjoy these dual facilities, but Mr. Taft's membership on seven important committees,* as well as the fact that his regular quarters in the Senate Office Building are somewhat small, were responsible for the extra corner office in the Capitol.

My orientation was interrupted at this point by a young lady who told Mr. Martin that the Senator had en-

*Banking and Currency; Education and Labor; Finance; Public Buildings and Grounds; Territories and Insular Affairs; Special: Study and Survey Problems of Small Business Enterprises; Special: Post-War Economic Policy and Planning.

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tered his office and was waiting to see me. Senator Taft rose from his desk to greet me as I walked in. He was as I had imagined him—a tall, somewhat lean, fair-complexioned man of about fifty or fifty-five, with pleasant grey eyes, small nose, large, full mouth, and a small chin that does not recede quite so much as it appears in the newspaper photographs. He is semi-bald and the effect is to give him a perhaps elongated and severe appearance from a distance, almost in the manner of a Grant Wood portrait. But close up, his face becomes much softer, extremely youthful. His voice is well modulated, his diction excellent, his choice of words simple yet effective. He has a direct, pleasant manner and looks more like the head of a chemistry department or economics department of a Midwest university than the popular conception of a Senator—broad beamed fore and aft. He maintains an even composure, though he occasionally seems preoccupied.

Senator Taft began by discussing the general program for the day, spoke about the morning's correspondence, ruffling through the papers on his desk and coming up with a letter concerning something that was said by the President of an Eastern university at a Board of Directors' meeting of a large insurance company. The university president had been quoted as saying that he had just discussed the coming Republican National Convention with Senator Taft, who had confided to him that in all probability Governor Dewey would not be nominated on the first ballot, that there would be a deadlock between Dewey and Bricker, and that the plan was to break the deadlock by nominating Taft.

ALL this flabbergasted the Senator. He rang for a secretary and began dictating a letter. Politely but briefly, he told the university president that he was as surprised as he was bewildered, especially since the two hadn't seen each other for at least two years. But more important to him, he wrote, than the surprise or the bewilderment was the embarrassment. He had pledged his support to Governor Bricker and was prominent in organizing his campaign. References to his own candidacy, particularly when attributed to himself, might make it appear that he was only giving lip service to Governor Bricker and had plans and ambitions of his own.

Senator Taft finished the letter, sighed wearily, then smiled and said: "The old boy must be ga-ga."

I told the Senator that I myself had seen and heard numerous reports saying approximately the same thing. Surely there must have been some basis somewhere for it.

—*Acme Photo*

Senator Taft: "There is a saying that the Senate gets its work done by unanimous consent or physical exhaustion."

"If there is, this office has had nothing to do with it," he said. "I am not a candidate. The only thing I am getting ready to campaign about is for reëlection as Senator from Ohio."

The phone rang. That gave me a chance to look around the office. It was furnished adequately, though somewhat mustily, with the heavy black leather fittings and glass-door book cases that are as inseparable apparently from a Senator's office as franked envelopes. There was a generous assortment of family pictures. There was one of Mrs. Taft and several photographs of the four Taft boys, three of whom are now in military service. The largest picture in the room, standing on the floor and leaning against the fireplace, was a colorful sepia photograph of the Senator's father, President William H. Taft, snapped informally in his carriage as he lifted his hat to enthusiastic onlookers. Directly above it, on the mantle, was a brass statuette of President Taft. (Later I learned that Robert Taft idolized his father from early childhood and still does; that he goes out of his way to be nice to anybody who knew or has a kind word for his father.)

Next to the statuette on the mantle was a row of brightly jacketed books. I got up to examine the titles. Among them were Pierre Van Paassen's "Forgotten Ally," Louis Fischer's "Empire," Philip C. Nash's "World Order," Ely Culbertson's "Total Peace," Edward Stettinius's "Lend Lease," Carlos P. Romulo's "Mother America," Philip Kinsley's *"The Chicago Tribune:* Its First Hundred Years," "Horace Walpole, Gardenist," and David Dallin's "Soviet Russia's Foreign Policy."

Not a bad selection, I thought.

As I had looked over the books, the Senator had been observing me—somewhat apprehensively, I thought. When his phone call was completed, he spoke about the books with some anxiety. They had been sent to him with the compliments of the author or the publisher, he explained. The books he read were in his library at home. I made whatever mental adjustments were necessary.

BY this time, it was past 10 A. M. and we were overdue at the special committee meeting scheduled for that morning. Senator Taft said that it was to be a closed meeting of the newly-created Senate Committee on Post-War Economic Policy and Planning, and that he had arranged with Senator Walter F. George, the chairman, that I be permitted to sit in. On the way down to the committee room, he explained that the committee was currently working on Senate Bill 1730, designed to cushion the shock of unemployment in the reconversion period immediately after the war. The bill provided for what the sponsors believed was a comprehensive program of unemployment insurance.

We entered the committee room, there were brief introductions, and I was seated on one side of the rim of a mammoth raised horse-shoe desk. The nameplate in front of me read "Claude E. Pepper." The Senator from Florida, apparently, was unable to attend. The Senators present, viewed left to right around the horse-shoe from where I sat, were Scott W. Lucas, of Illinois; Alben W. Barkley, of Kentucky, the Democratic majority leader; Senator Taft; Carl Hayden, of Arizona; Walter F. George, of South Carolina, the Chairman; Arthur H. Vandenburg, of Michigan; and Warren R. Austin, of Vermont.

Under consideration was Senate Bill

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1730. It sought to insure unemployment insurance, as it were, by standing in back of the unemployment insurance programs of the individual states. Each state has already enacted an unemployment insurance program, ranging from benefits of $10 a week in some states to $22 a week in Connecticut, over a period ranging from fourteen weeks in Arizona to twenty-four weeks in California. The states have established funds with an aggregate total of some six billion dollars. Should any state fail to meet its obligations under its own plan, the Federal Government would underwrite the deficit, according to the bill.

Most of the discussion concerned the relative advantages of the plan for one state as against another, for the small state as against the large, for the agricultural state as against the industrial, etc. It was apparent that two or three members of the committee were somewhat disturbed lest their own states suffer in relation to some hidden advantage held by another. After that, an inevitable brief dispute arose over States' rights vs. Federal powers, with Senator Taft championing the former and Senator Barkley the latter. Senator Taft then suggested that the Federal Government make it possible for the states to extend the period of unemployment payments, when, as, and if necessary. Both sides seemed to think this suggestion reasonable.

After some further discussion on methods of collection and administration, Senator Taft signalled me to follow him.

Once outside, he explained that nothing new was likely to come up at his own meeting and asked whether I might care to attend a hearing of the Military Affairs Committee. The prospect intrigued me and the Senator phoned his secretary to serve as my escort. While waiting for Mr. Martin, I asked the Senator some questions. Unemployment insurance was fine as far as it went, but wasn't the basic problem one of creating a sound economy which in itself would provide against unemployment? Unemployment insurance was the least that Congress could do, but was it also the most that it intended to do?

The Senator replied that the Committee was proceeding on the basis of one thing at a time. The first problem to face the country at war's end, he said, would be the dislocations inherent in the demobilization, and the unemployment insurance was only an attempt to tide over the country until such time as reconversion and re-tooling could be accomplished. Moreover, he said, the Senate had already undertaken reconversion legislation.

And what about the longer range?

What about the continuing problem of achieving a healthy economy? Consider the paradox: during war, we operate under a peak load with the bulk of the mainpower drained off; during peace, we operate under a limited load with the bulk of the manpower available but largely unused.

The Senator acknowledged the problem, said he had certain ideas concerning a sound economy based on free enterprise. He said that free enterprise could never get going again under a continued policy of high Government spending, and that this policy could create a tremendous momentum for inflation. "We've got to put on the brakes," he said.

I asked him whether under certain circumstances it might not be impossible or inadvisable to put on such brakes. If free economy didn't start up by itself, wouldn't Government be compelled to help? Did not the Committee's own unemployment insurance act prove that the Government had to accept responsibility for economic dislocations? And what if the unemployed were still unemployed after twenty weeks or whatever the period of benefits might be?

In that case, said the Senator, he supposed there would have to be a period given over to work relief.

And if that wasn't enough?

"Then I guess we would have to keep men from starving by giving them checks outright," he said.

AT that moment, the Senator's secretary arrived. Senator Taft arranged to meet me in the Senate gallery when Congress convened at noon, and he returned to his post-war committee.

When we arrived at the meeting of the Military Affairs Committee, I discovered that the same bill under discussion at the Post-War Committee session was also being considered here. After a half hour of approximately the same question-and-answer routine as the one I had just heard, with almost the identical considerations of States' rights, equality of benefits, administration costs, etc., I whispered to Mr. Martin, asking whether it was customary for Senate Committees to duplicate each other's work. His answer was that the Military Affairs Committee was at present studying demobilization and that this particular bill came within its purview. He added that sub-committees of both groups were to meet the following morning for the purpose of integrating their work and findings.

In any event, by this time, I had become reasonably aware of Senate Bill 1730 and I was eager to get over to the Capitol for the next step in my education. We got up and left. It was almost noon, time for the Senate to convene.

One of the most fascinating things about Washington is the underground passage between the Senate Office Building and the Capitol. The distance is perhaps no more than a quarter of a mile, but Senators are the most pathetic pedestrians in the world, so there is an electric car system operating by means of an overhead rail with only a single ground track on which the car is balanced. The vehicle looks like a cross between a mountain cable car and a tunnel-of-love contrivance at Coney Island. It seats twelve people, strung out in pairs, with the operator in the center, and you go zipping along at a merry pace expecting the whole contraption to take off in flight at the first curve. Enchanted, I stayed on for an extra ride, and I hope my official guide wasn't too embarrassed. All that was missing from the general get-up was a brass ring as you looped around the last turn.

If you are ever in Washington on one of those deadly summer days when the whole place feels like the black hole of Calcutta under a sun lamp, take my advice and stick it out in that cool cellar passage, every now and then shuttling back and forth on that breeze-blessed tram. If you rate temperature reduction above fragrance, then that ride is something out of this world. You don't have to be a Senator to get on, although you will be expected to give up your seat if the place suddenly becomes chock full of Senators and there isn't enough room. Another advantage possessed by Senators is that they can keep a car waiting for them even before they arrive simply by pressing a buzzer in the elevator on the way down. Sometimes a Senator may be fairly bursting to get over to the Capitol or back to

(*Continued on page* 32)

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Almanac for Summer Reading

A Guide to the Forthcoming Books

AMY LOVEMAN

(All resemblances to actual dates are purely accidental)

June 26

At the most opportune moment for public interest, Joseph Kessel, noted French novelist, turns the practiced pen of the fiction writer to depicting actual episodes of the underground in France in a book aptly titled "Army of Shadows" (Knopf). . . . Dixon Wecter reviews demobilization in its methods and impact on the United States after three great wars of the past, the Revolution, the Civil War, and the First World War, and so furnishes valuable guidance for coming events, in "When Johnny Comes Marching Home" (Houghton, Mifflin). . . . In "Raymond Clapper Watching the World" (Whittlesey House), Mrs. Clapper has gathered together some of the informed and illuminating correspondence on world affairs and the war which was brought to so abrupt a close by the tragic and fortuitous death of her husband in the Pacific theatre of battle. . . . Biography repairs a lack in Russel B. Nye's authoritative and interesting "George Bancroft: Brahmin Rebel" (Knopf).

June 27

Alerting all mystery fans: P. W. Wilson's "Bride's Castle" appears today.

June 28

Doubtless with one eye on the coming elections, John G. Crider calls the turn of officialdom in Washington in "The Bureaucrat" (Lippincott), which is at once an attack on the New Deal and a chronicle of bureaucracy at various periods of history.

July 3

An informed and informing correspondent, Ray Josephs, writes of recent developments, trends, and attitudes in a manner to cause disquietude as to one of our Southern neighbors in "Argentine Diary" (Random House).

July 7

Caroline Miller, whose "Lamb in His Bosom" a number of years ago won a Pulitzer Prize, writes in "Lebanon" (Doubleday, Doran) a tale of the American frontier in the early eighteenth century whose Wordsworthian heroine, dwelling among the untrodden ways, is "fair as a star, when only one is shining in the sky." . . . The story of the genesis and events of the Second World War is told by Curt Riess in "They Were There" (Putnam).

July 11

Janet Flanner, whom long residence in France made one of the most competent commentators on the affairs and personalities of that nation, publishes an interesting and illuminating biography in "Pétain: The Old Man of France" (Little, Brown). . . . G. B. Stern adds another to the volumes in her informal autobiography, full of allusion and pen sketches of noted personalities, in "Trumpet Voluntary" (Macmillan).

July 12

Themes and theses broached in "U. S. Foreign Policy" are further expanded and carried to more far-reaching policies in Walter Lippmann's admirably lucid and persuasive "U. S. War Aims" (Little, Brown: *Atlantic Monthly Press*). . . . A competent foreign commentator passes recent events in review in "East of Malta, West of Suez" (Little, Brown), which is called an "official" history of British naval action in the Mediterranean.

July 13

No bad luck so far as books are concerned on this day which sees publication of "Grandmother and the Comet" (Farrar & Rinehart), a book of short stories by Victoria Lincoln, "Onwards to Victory" (Little, Brown), by the Hon. Winston Spencer Churchill, comprising the public utterances of the Prime Minister during 1943, and a mystery story by Elizabeth Daly, "The Book of the Dead" (Farrar & Rinehart).

July 14

Bastile Day, and George Biddle, who has spent many years of his life in France, produces a book of striking quality in "Artist at War" (Viking) which pictures the American fighting man on the fronts in North Africa, Sicily, and Italy, and does it with equal felicity and vividness in sketch and text.

July 17

Ernest K. Gann in "Island in the Sky" (Viking) tells a story of the Maine-Greenland route of the Army's air transport and the rescue of a plane crew forced to land in the sub-Arctic wastes of Canada, which is tense with excitement, alive with veracious characters, and impressive in its portrayal of man pitted against the elements. . . . An excellent novel of the South in the years following the Civil War makes its appearance in Joseph Stanley Pennell's "The History of Rome Hanks" (Scribners).

July 21

Pertinax, one of the best-known of French journalistic commentators over a long period of years, writes an illuminating page of French history in his analyses of some of the leading contemporary political figures of his country whom he calls "The Gravediggers of France" (Doubleday, Doran). . . . With experience born of personal contact with the wrack of two wars, Hugh Gibson discusses the problems of the future in "The Road to Foreign Policy" (Doubleday, Doran).

July 26

One of Vienna's ex-sons, Robert Pick, in "The Terhoven File" (Lippincott), publishes a novel of distinction in which the monster of Nazidom is shown striking its tentacles into the lives of a varied group of persons. . . . The Armed Forces Service League stands sponsor for an anthology of sketches and stories by men and women in active service assembled under the title, "Fighting Words" (Lippincott).

July 27

Heat-alleviation reading for the dog days in Mary Roberts Rinehart's "Alibi for Isabel and Other Stories" (Farrar & Rinehart).

July 31

The Lakes series adds another volume to its list in Milo M. Quaife's "Lake Michigan" (Bobbs-Merrill).

August 1

Good plot, good characters, sensitive writing characterize "What They

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Tomorrow's Possibles and Probables

THE REST OF YOUR LIFE. By Leo Cherne. New York: Doubleday Doran & Co. 1944. 298 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by BEARDSLEY RUML

LEO CHERNE has dedicated his admirable and provocative analysis of what the future may have in store for us, "The Rest of Your Life," to Gail with a "deep hope that her life will be linked to the possibilities, not chained to the probabilities." Somehow I read in this figure of speech a mournful acquiescence in the arithmetical, in the long odds on a daily double, in the rare occasions when the jack-pot hits, in the fortuitous and unlikely drawing of the Queen of Hearts to an inside flush. For the author has subordinated the role of purpose in Gail's universe,—the compulsions of inner necessity, the unfoldings of the potential and the determinative powers of the romantic and the ideal.

What were the probabilities that a molten gaseous mass would become detached from Father Sun? That it would persist through the multi-millennia without astro-chemical disaster? That the waters should be separated from the land; that fish, birds, apes, men should appear? And survive? And, these men having survived, what probability that they should detect order in the pattern of the stars, or should learn to make marks so that their unborn descendants might know what they were thinking about? What probability that a Judeo-Christian insight toward men and life should unseat the Roman Empire and civilize the barbarians of Western Europe? What probability that, having done it once, it will do it again?

And what about romance, the event-shaping, untrue, and unrealizable ideal, the demiurge, so completely out of place in a Gaussian curve, and yet so inescapable in understanding why the real is in fact what otherwise it never could have become? What about evil and good, the ugly and the beautiful, the false and the true? Is our human aspiration and tendency more toward the one than toward the other? Because if it is, Leo Cherne's statistical dice are loaded in our favor, and in Gail's.

Mr. Cherne has given us a kitchen without a cook; he has stocked the pantry and loaded the shelves and filled the drawers; he has lighted the stove, closed the ventilator, wound the clock; and told us to come and get it.

"The Rest of Your Life" is an amazingly complete inventory of the raw materials from which the new world will be built. In it there is no avoidance of unpleasant inferences and conclusions that turn up high on the scale of probability—the probability of unemployment; of political disorder; of widespread psycho-neuroticism; sadistic perversion and epidemic monomania; disintegration of social and labor movements; "spiritual hunger" and "group loneliness." Mr. Cherne returns from his preparations with ashes in his mouth. Some of the ingredients are in themselves good, many are intrinsically bad, but in any combination that seems probable, the good is sublimated into transcendent evil by our awareness of its existence as possible.

The analysis of the technological possibilities in "The Rest of Your Life" contains materials that are basic to informed judgment as to the economic and political future. Mr. Cherne has put into his book, for all to read, the facts and inferences that have been privately circulated on confidential mimeographed sheets in recent months. These facts and inferences were entirely unknown as little as four years ago, and they must soon become the commonplaces of an American attitude toward life. Now, at last, they are open for all to see under the sponsorship of high technical competence.

In the field of medical research Mr. Cherne becomes enthusiastically optimistic. In the new drugs and new treatments and the even newer doors that have been opened, there is promise for relief from disease, suffering, disability, and pain such as few have conceived—in fact, the promise has already been realized in many respects. In this area the book is unreservedly cheerful, and I finished the chapter with relief, since I kept waiting to be told that all this meant was longer living, a greater exposure to unpleasantness, and a better chance for more trouble for the rest of my miserable life.

Mr. Cherne's pessimism arises from taking into account many aspects of the future that most of us ignore, or never know. These aspects of the future cannot be ignored and it is right that Mr. Cherne should bring them to our attention, saying as he does, "This is what you have to work with, this is what is probable. What will you do with it? You have no real enemy except yourself!"

Mr. Cherne's discussion of the possibilities of application of the new in medical research contrasts sharply with his neglect of the newer insights in fiscal and economic areas. Here, we have seen the widespread establishment of central banks, experience in the use of credit and monetary policy, new skill in the handling of national debts, the management of exchanges.

Leo Cherne

Newer conceptions in the relations of fiscal policy and taxation have already had successful war-time application, and it seems to me probable that we need not expect more than one more important economic crisis, and that it is possible, but not probable, that even that one will be escaped. The progress that has been made in the fiscal and monetary area during the past generation is very large and, by any standard, may equal the physical and biological discoveries of recent years in releasing men from want and fear—again in making the possible come true.

Another element of the calculus which I feel Mr. Cherne undervalues, is the revival of keen interest in the doctrines which supported the American and French Revolutions, and the spread of these doctrines to hundreds of millions throughout the world. New leaders will arise to organize under these doctrines new movements for the well-being of the people. The aristocratic idea will have suffered a heavy blow; more remarkably, since no moral defense of the aristocratic idea has been presented by our enemies.

Here, in the consequences of the reassertion of the dignity and rights of men, we have a great example of how spiritual insight—romantic idealism if you prefer—makes the statistical probabilities tell less than the whole story, and of why the improbable possible comes true.

Middlebury College, Middlebury, Vt., announces the offer of a number of fellowships to the Bread Loaf Writers' Conference to be held from August 14 to 26. The fellowships will be conferred by the Conference itself.

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Joseph's Model Success Story

JOSEPH THE PROVIDER. By Thomas MANN. Translated by H. T. Lowe-Porter. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. 1944. 608 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by ROBERT PICK

"FOR lightness, my friend," Joseph, Grand Vezier of Egypt, says to Mai-Sechme, his steward (a man with "literary sympathies" and, incidentally, only a short time before Joseph's jailer), "lightness, flippancy, the artful jest, that is God's very best gift to man, the profoundest knowledge we have of that complex, questionable thing we call life. God gave it to humanity, that life's terribly serious face might be forced to wear a smile."

To the man who spent the better part of his life's most terribly serious years on faithfully retelling the story of Joseph and his brethren that kind of "profoundest knowledge" has not come as an easy gift. In its beginnings his work bore the scars of the narrator's own and very peculiar struggle with God's "laughing features." For long stretches the Biblical yarn then was almost buried under a maze of philosophical digressions that rarely, if ever, had been seen in a modern novel before. Thomas Mann has repeatedly spoken of the beginning of these beginnings himself: how his imagination one day was caught by the familiar text, enhanced by a casual remark of Goethe he happened to come across, and slowly drawn to the theme which was to form the counterpoint of his growing enterprise—the religious origins of our civilization.

Thus Thomas Mann in his own way has wrestled with God. But unlike Jacob he did not emerge as a limping man from that dangerous venture. On the contrary, rounding up his tetralogy now, he finds himself more blessed than ever with the "jestful art." Once more he stands out, in this final volume, as the matchless raconteur of great literature, the indefatigable commentator on his own epic, and the sovereign master of the word—who yet has realized that "nobody can tell what being the same really means. It is like the balls which jugglers send flying out of their hands and catch again and you cannot see them as separate balls because they make a bright bow in the air."

As everybody knows, the record of Joseph's Egyptian career has been the model success story of all times. It is never a story of mere windfalls. True, Yitzchak's personable son owes his chance to accidental circumstances —provided one of them, namely, his old equivocal preoccupation with the dreams of men can be called "accidental;" but what makes his career so exemplary as a success story is that he builds up his good fortune from both chance and his well-balanced gifts. And in the end the smiles of fortune do more than prepare Joseph's bed of roses: his prosperity seems also to blot out his brothers' ancient misdeed,and conveniently bought as it is, the "redemption" makes the brothers comply with the tribal tenets of Abraham's seed—that first concept on earth of a way to reconcile human nature with extra-individual values. There is irony in such "compliance" —but not man's irony alone.

His Majesty Amenhotep, the pathetic boy Pharaoh, is not unfamiliar with problems of that kind. A true stroke of genius led Thomas Mann to set the old play against the background of a religious crisis in Egypt. Amidst the baroque splendor of his court with its "Cretan innovations," the little King suspects that it is "one thing to found an empire and another to help a world-god into being." In all his confusion and fragility, he, too, has an inkling of a tender "Father in Heaven." It is more than mere political anti-clericalism that prompts him to shift his allegiance to Aton, the new God.

As a temporal ruler, the "Child of Aton" shares the lot of many reformers of good will: for the sake of humanity he has to resort to power again. The narrative somewhat plays down the political implications of the foreign-born Provider's fateful role in both plenty and famine. We are even tempted to believe that his famous tax laws "enjoyed decided popularity," and the common man applauded Joseph's state-controlled economy.

It is left to Jacob to pass judgment upon his exalted offspring. To his father's mind he has been, if slightly only, trespassing on God's rights. Indeed, his favorite son has too long lived "as Pharaoh" in the land of Egypt, where not God is supreme king but the king forms part of the deity himself. And when it comes to the question of succession, the patriarch is no longer impressed by all the mundane glitter surrounding "His Excellency"; his choice is not the "set-apart one," but Judah, his fourth and by no means the most faultless of his sons.

—*Courtesy New York Public Library*

"Joseph Sold by His Brethren."

It is mainly through the figure of Judah, "the lion," that Thomas Mann's epic reaches beyond the earthly days of the twelve brothers—about the same way it went back, in its previous volumes, to whatever could be grasped of the history of their ancestors. In a magnificent "interlude" Thamar enters the scene—that terrifying, well-nigh incredible heroine of Genesis 38, who, twice a widow and childless, manages to trick into intimacy none other than Judah, twice her father-in-law. In Thomas Mann's re-enactment the sombre sex episode loses everything of its embarrassing flavor. The "tall and almost sinister" woman, who has so faithfully listened to Jacob's God-tales and his hazy prophecies of the Lord of Peace, is determined to gain, by fair means or foul, her place in the line of descent, to have her share in Israel's mission, and to become what she was to become in verity (Matthew 1, 3)—the forebear of a certain Bethlehemite family of the most decisive distinction.

These are daring interpretations. (But daring has been one of the characteristics of Thomas Mann's later writings.) The peculiar relationship of those Canaanites to God itself is daring in the highest degree—possible to them, and acceptable to us, only through their, so to speak, eye-winking confidence in God's playful mercy and their own God-given energies. Jacob's partnership in the Covenant has not yet the sternness of the Mosaic law; his is the testing-out period of being chosen on the one hand and the responsibilities imposed upon the chosen on the other. Here, too, the author opens wider vistas: when Jacob's coffin, as he so ardently wished, is brought home from Mizraim, and the procession crosses the river Jordan "by a ford," the reader anticipates Israel's future mishap in "that quaint and comic land of Egypt"—but also Israel's future glory and the lasting success which was to fall upon his early God-dreams, when, after crossing another "ford," another man of his tribe (though of somewhat doubtful origin and faintly mixed up again with the house of Pharaoh) set out to wrestle with God.

It is one of the distinctions of great writing that it can be enjoyed in different ways. The modern reader, ac-

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customed to lighter fare, may occasionally grow fatigued through the overflowing abundance of this gigantic novel. He is allowed to relax as well and to enjoy the brilliant panorama of Egyptian culture, the convincing human qualities of all the protagonists and episodes (from Pharaoh's aristocratic highhandedness to Jacob's venerable rascality), or simply to follow—once more—the great comedy going on between Joseph and his brethren, and that most illuminating scene of revelation of all, up to its still heart-choking climax, "Brothers, stand up. I am he." In whatever way the reader approaches "Joseph the Provider," he will be "in the story." And this is no mean experience.

Now that this great work of the distinguished exile has reached its end, it is only fitting to pay tribute to the achievement of its translator. Mrs. Lowe-Porter has succeeded admirably in reproducing the archaic colloquialism of the German text—and thus secured an immediate place in literature to a work which for some time to come must remain unknown to its author's one-time compatriots. That this story of man's first encounter with the God of Righteousness has originally been retold in the language of the people which in our own days set out to destroy both Jacob's descendants and all vestiges of his God-dreams—that, too, is something of a "God-like jest."

Salvador Dali in Your Bathtub

HIDDEN FACES. By Salvador Dali. New York: The Dial Press. 1944. 413 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by HARRISON SMITH

NO American critic can be reproached for tackling Salvador Dali's "Hidden Faces" with skepticism. Like a Somerset Maugham hero who finds a snake in an Imperial Malayan bathtub you say to yourself that the creature couldn't possibly exist in this perfectly functioning world, or let us say, in any respectable literary review. But there it horribly lies and wriggles, nevertheless. Suppose you call your secretary and say, "Please remove Mr. Salvador Dali's snake that I have just discovered in my literary bathtub." And your amanuensis, who has become fearfully independant since she can make twice as much money working in a war factory as you can at your desk, says, "Remove Mr. Dali yourself. I know twice as much about him as you do and he can't bite anyone."

And so you remove, shudderingly, Mr. Dali's "Hidden Faces" from your enamelled bathtub and look the horrid thing straight in the face. Suddenly you discover that even a cobra has charms if it will stay out of your bed. We got to know Mr. Dali pretty well last year from his autobiography, got to know everything, in fact, that you can never find out about most people, no matter how carefully Mr. Henry Seidel Canby writes his biographies about literary gents. We found out everything except what makes Mr. Dali tick, or want to go on ticking. I gave my copy of Dali's secrets to a friend to cure him of his philistinism, and he gave it to a lad who ran a practically empty gas station to see what he would say. And in two weeks the ignorant lout finally came out with this, "By God, Bill, it beats the devil what that man can think up." And not so bad for the proletariat, I say.

In this long book, which has a naked lady on the title page with leaves or ants or both crawling over her, there are three sets of obnoxious characters who are all the God d—dest folks that ever crawled into a novel. There is an American girl to start with, and a pretty piece of goods she is! We will leave her lay for a minute. All this monkey-business starts in Paris about the time Hitler was having his pipe dreams about Czechoslovakia, and then it moves on to later strictly French horrors. Well, that American girl, let me tell you, is a terror. Just as the Statue of Liberty in New York Harbor means something to starved and frightened immigrants, she seems to represent America to Mr. Dali. She is a kind of Virgin Lesbian symbol (if you can make any sense out of that) to Mr. Salvador Dali of the good old U. S. A. and a fine symbol to present just now, I say, what with the invasion and all. And there is a girl called Betka who is so careless and good natured that she doesn't care what she does so long as she doesn't offend anybody. She gets mixed up in a kind of blind date at a swell party with the Symbol of America who never shows up, and then the poor kid is so miserable that she gets into the kind of apartment Americans used to dream they had visited when they got back to Sauk Center, and she has a night of opium and ether, followed by an afternoon with three male gymnasts. Well, won't you be surprised to find out that she has a baby and joins the Statue of Liberty and that in one fine chapter the baby kind of gets mixed up as to which is its mother?

But one mustn't forget the aristocratic Count and his lady-love. By no means, since he is what the book is about. And if we have to liberate France for the likes of him, I say let's by-pass it. He is one of those educated, long-fingered French gentlemen that you never saw in the American Bar in Paris, because he was hanging around the places no honest American on a bender ever got near. With his fascist-minded noble buddies he sat around France waiting for the German deluge, when, if he played his cards right, he might land in the chips. And he certainly loved that woman, his Solange. At least Mr. Dali says he did, though his antics with her can only remind one of the weird behavior of the pimply youths who used to take their troubles to Greenwich Village before it got too expensive for any but clean white collar folks to live in.

But this isn't at all fair to Mr. Salvador Dali. He has attempted to portray, in his own nice way, decadent France, terrified France, and finally France redivivus in North Africa, through these plaster, mildly obscene figures. He writes well, because everything that Dali does he must do superbly. In his paintings his craftsmanship is superb. No Renaissance painter now floating in heaven could fail to recognize from what source he has stolen his art, with due credit to his own mastery of the paint brush. He has borrowed from them with meticulous care, throwing in skulls, spiders, dead bodies, limp watches, liquid crutches, and all of the impedimenta of the surrealist, plus Mr. Dali.

The miracle is how a man could use so many fine words (translated with all the nuances by Mr. Haakon Chevalier) and have so little to say. When the count cannot contemplate his dying world or make love to Solange, or when Betka kills herself, you can only think of Mr. Dali, cold sober, inventing these monstrosities. He uses symbols for words, or words for symbols, but there is no soul, heart, liver, or bowels in a barrel of them. His novel belongs to that realm labeled "Curiosities of Literature." It would be pornographic and might interest Mr. Goldman, the guardian of our New York Post Office, if there was a pound of flesh or a gill of blood in the whole novel. As it is, the Watch and Ward Society in Boston or the practically extinct Mr. Sumner would have a hard job to find out what is wrong with it since it has everything in it and, at the same time, nothing at all. It is as cold and as objectively uninteresting as a piece of bacon, with a fragment of old egg attached to it left in the icebox by a careless servant.

Let Mr. Dali stick to his canvasses and his brushes, indeed, stick to autobiography, since he might well have as many lives as a cat, each more fascinating than the last, however incomprehensible the result. He is about as good a novelist as the creator of Mme. Tussaud's Waxworks in London.

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Strictly Personal . . .

ROARK BRADFORD'S REVENGE

ROARK BRADFORD, the author of distinguished novels and books of short stories including "Ol Man Adam and His Chillun" from which "The Green Pastures" was made, is a man of many talents. As an orator in the Negro pulpits around Plain Dealing, Louisiana, he rivals the famous Reverend Childress, the Albino Preacher. As the owner of Little Bee Bend Plantation in Bossier Parish he can, when the spell is upon him, take a middle-buster and make it sing as it plows through the gumbo. He can pick a guitar, moan the blues, and read a mule's mind. But, above all, he is a catfishing man out'n the book who can do more with a cane pole and a dime's worth of hooks and string than most folks could do with all the tackle in Abercrombie & Fitch.

Mistuh Royce (as the colored folks call him) is a slow-and-easy man, as kind and gentle as his own Angel Gabriel who passed out ten-cent seegars to de Lawd. Yet this is the story of how he wreaked an awful vengeance for a wrong I had done him.

It all began one day when we went fishing along the banks of Deer Creek in Mississippi. Brad and I are skilled fishermen who go out to hook fish by fair means or foul with the coarse intention of having something to put in the pan, and we are not at all interested in the considerations of sportsmanship which move the more effete. On this occasion we were especially anxious to catch an elusive catfish of giant size known to the countryside as "Ole Tom." We baited our hooks with meat; spit on 'em for luck; the heavy sinkers took them near the bottom where we suspected Ole Tom was likely to be, and then we sat back to talk as we watched our floaters.

My fishing skill and piety are far less than Brad's, but just before that evening sun went down, I caught Ole Tom who weighed nearly five pounds, and as he flopped upon the bank Brad gazed unhappily on my prize. Then he said: "Boy, I'm going to get revenge on you for doing me bad."

That night Ole Tom was served up golden brown with a bait of mustard greens, hot biscuits, country butter, sorghum molasses, and cold buttermilk. We ate heartily and, while I boasted of my prowess to the assembled company, Mistah Royce kept his peace and thought his awful thoughts. If I had known what was in store for me, I'd have left the country—as I was eventually compelled to do.

A day or two later, we went to Greenville, the Mississippi Delta town where I was born, to spend a few days with our mutual friend, William Alexander Percy, who was then writing "Lanterns on the Levee." From him we learned that the Old Jerusalem Baptist Church was dedicating its new building that evening and naturally we felt that we had to go. This was of course a great occasion. The church was filled to overflowing with the pious while you could hardly see the pulpit for the pastors who had come from everywhere to rejoice with the people that they had forged a new weapon with which to fight Ole Satan. We were received with great courtesy, were given a place in the front row, and were soon hearing the Reverend Perkins deliver his stirring sermon, "No Boll Weevil in Heaven." He was followed by a number of visiting pastors until finally, at midnight, the pastor of the local church stood up, and said, "Won't one of the white gentlemen say a few words?"

Naturally I wanted to talk myself but, since I was among a people who have natively good manners and therefore had to be manne'ble myself, I arose and said that my distinguished friend, Mr. Bradford, would speak for us.

Much surprised, Mistah Royce got up and walking slowly backward and forward in front of the pulpit, began to talk about what a fine thing it is to worship the Lawd in a beautiful building; about King Solomon's temple, and columns of porphyry and onyx and ceilings of gold and marble. He continued in this vein for some minutes and then he abruptly changed the tenor of his talk.

"Friends," he said, "I just want to tell y'all that there's an old Greenville boy in this congregation tonight, Mr. David Cohn. (Congregation: Do tell!) He grew up in this town, hunted rabbits on the protection levee, graduated from that high school down there by the Leavenworth sawmill, and could have got him a job right here in town. But, oh no. The town wasn't big enough for *him!* So he went down to New Awleens where he got so rich that he bought out the biggest bank in town!" (Congregation: Well suh!)

As I beamed on the congregation and they beamed on me, Brad went on:

"But Mistah Dave is a man that's hard to please. So one day he got on that Panama Express train, went clean up to Chicago, Illinois, got him a taxi, and told the man to take him out to Sears and Roebuck. There he saw Mister Julius Rosenwald, the boss man. 'Mr. Julius, how much do you want for this business?' asked Mr. Dave. 'Two million dollars,' said Mr. Julius just like that. So Mr. Dave reached in his pocket, handed him twenty thousand one-thousand dollar bills and said, 'I'm the boss man from here out.'"

THIS caused an immense stir in the church. Folks shuffled their feet, said, "Well, Lawd," and indulged in exclamations of delightful surprise because they all knew Sears, Roebuck and here was a boy born and brought up right there in Greenville who had risen to such eminence that he could just walk in and buy out its boss man. I was myself pleased by my vicarious rise to greatness. Again the congregation and I beamed on one another and we were, so to speak, lapped in warm waves of adulation that flowed back and forth. While I revelled in my rise to fame and riches, Brad continued:

"But even that didn't satisfy Mr. Dave," he said. "Next thing he did was to go up to New York City where he got on one of those steamboats that cross the Atlantic Ocean and he got off in Paris, France. There he bought a house with a hundred rooms. And he had him a lady and a case of drinking whiskey in every room!"

The sensation caused by this announcement was so great that it was some minutes before quiet was restored. The men laughed aloud in delight. The ladies fluttered their palmetto fans with Finlay's Drug Store Advertisment stencilled on the back, modestly hung their heads, and said "Lawd, he'p us"; everybody was pleased that a Greenville boy had gone out and conquered the world. While the church was still filled with the warm murmurings of the congregation, I wondered to what heights of magnificence Brad could take me now that I seemed to be at the peak. He continued:

"Well, there he was with all those ladies and all that whiskey when, one night, he looked up on the wall and there it was in letters of fire ten feet tall: 'Minny, Minny, Tikel, Tikel.' Then he heard a Voice coming from the ceiling. It said: 'You are doing the wrong thing. You are wasting your

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substance in sin and losing your chances of glory up yonder. You ought to go back to the town where you were born and give all your time and *all your money* to the church.'" Brad suddenly stopped—"And that's what Mr. Dave is doing here tonight!"

He sat down. The congregation whispered excitedly. The forty visiting preachers on the pulpit looked at one another significantly. Brad smiled a smile of deep satisfaction. He knew what was coming and so did I as I slumped in my seat.

Then the Reverend Arbuckle, a pastor of engaging charm, arose, put his hands on the Book and gazing benignly at me said: "Mister Dave, I'm coming aroun' to see you fust thing in the mawnin and I know I'm gonna write you' name behin' a hundred dollar bill."

Now Brad looked at me as I had looked at him the day I had caught the catfish. No one knew better than he that long before the services were over that night the glad news would have spread by the grapevine all over the Mississippi delta that the Lawd had told a rich man to come home from sinning and give all his money to the church. There is indeed no day in that area when preachers, deacons, and plain pulpit-hands are not out asking their white friends to give them something to help repair the church or reduce the mortgage. And here was a rich man who would spend his time handing out folding money to the folks who were doing the Lawd's work. I would become the target of hundreds of pastors, whether ordained or jackleg, from Rolling Fork to Rena Laura, from Itta Bena to Hushpuckana, and as far away as Lake Village, Arkansas. I would never again be able to tread the ground of my beloved hometown in peace.

My course was plain. Common decency required that I give $100 to the Reverend Arbuckle. But self-protection demanded that I flee the region at once. I put my check in an envelope and asked The Queenly Woman, Mr. Will's cook, to give it to the pastor. Then I arose early and was up and away in Brad's car bound for New Orleans with him, he grinning all the while like a catfish stealing bait. As we drove through the sleepy towns and hamlets, I saw dozens of rickety churches whose pastors even now were dreaming of shining new tin roofs and gallons of paint bought as emblems of my repentance of a life of sin.

To this day I have never been able to revisit my home town except under cover of night. And that old pulpit orator Roark Bradford often reminds me: "What doth it profit a man to gain the whole world, if he hooks the catfish of a friend?"

DAVID L. COHN.

The Imagining, Fabricating Novelist

A HAUNTED HOUSE AND OTHER SHORT STORIES. By Virginia Woolf. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1944. 148 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

OF the eighteen short stories contained in this volume, six are reprinted from "Monday or Tuesday," the slim book published in 1921 which stands as a stepping stone between "Night and Day" and "Jacob's Room"; seven appeared in magazines between 1922 and 1941; and five are hitherto unpublished, four of them being "only just in the stage beyond that of her [Mrs. Woolf's] first sketch."

Leonard Woolf tells us that he hesitated to include these last, but they are of great interest to anyone interested in the making of literature, for they enable us to measure the distance which lay between the author's first and final drafts. Her effects did not come instantly to hand, nor did her remarkable insights. There was jeweller's work to be done and woodcarver's work: delicate patterns to be perfected, excess matter to be nibbled away as if by a searching gouge. There was painter's work to be done: the organization of a scene, the placing of an accent, the elaboration of a detail. There was thinking to be done: thought producing thought by proliferation, by intuition, by associations that were sometimes almost free. And always, it seems, the rule must have been: Refine, refine! The art of Virginia Woolf was really art,—which may be studied and enjoyed in these short stories no less than in her novels.

Her material was, of course, life's mystery. ("Oh! dear me, the mystery of life; the inaccuracy of thought! The ignorance of humanity!") Observing, probing, thinking, feeling, giving her exquisite sensibilities wholly to the task, she sought to reduce the mystery, diminish the ignorance. Life was for her a nest of Chinese boxes, a screen behind a screen behind a screen, an affair of multiple mirrors and tantalizing glimpses and fleeing vistas, a secret within a dream, an unbelievably complicated web in which a touch upon a single gossamer thread must set the whole to trembling. Working with such material, the artist had to employ every possible trick and subtle ruse for the trapping of reality, and if the author seems at times too clever, it is only excess of zeal. If in the prose there is, infrequently, an excessive "odor of spilt poetry," it is only the odor of life itself as experienced by most sensitive nostrils.

Trying always to match words to life, Mrs. Woolf proved through the years that she could do almost anything with words, and in these brief stories you will find her skills. Here is the imagining, fabricating novelist; the social satirist; the lyric poet and the impressionist; the associationist; the wilful mystifier; the dreamer mystified herself; the subtle psychologist; the lover and painter of word pictures; the writer who could miraculously perform the feat of translating music into words:

> Here they come; four black figures, carrying instruments, and seat themselves facing the white squares under the downpour of light; rest the tips of their bows on the music stand; with a simultaneous movement lift them; lightly poise them, and, looking across at the player opposite, the first violin counts one, two, three—
>
> Flourish, spring, burgeon, burst! The pear tree on the top of the mountain. Fountains jet; drops descend. But the waters of the Rhone flow swift and deep, race under the arches, and sweep the trailing water leaves, washing shadows over the silver fish, the spotted fish rushed down by the swift waters, now swept into an eddy where—it's difficult this—conglomeration of fish all in a pool; leaping, splashing, scraping sharp fins; and such a boil of current that the yellow pebbles are churned round and round, round and round—free now, rushing downwards, or even somehow ascending in exquisite spirals into the air; curled like thin shavings from under a plane; up and up. . . . How lovely goodness is in those who, stepping lightly, go smiling through the world! Also in jolly old fishwives, squatted under aches, obscene old women, how deeply they laugh and shake and rollick, when they walk, from side to side, hum, hah!
>
> "That's an early Mozart, of course—."

Here, in short, is one of the most original and fascinating writers of our day, whose reputation will almost surely be secured by her brilliant experiments and her many minor triumphs. But I believe that as the years pass this reputation will be guarded by a select, rather than a numerous, company of readers.

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The Battle Continues in the Peace

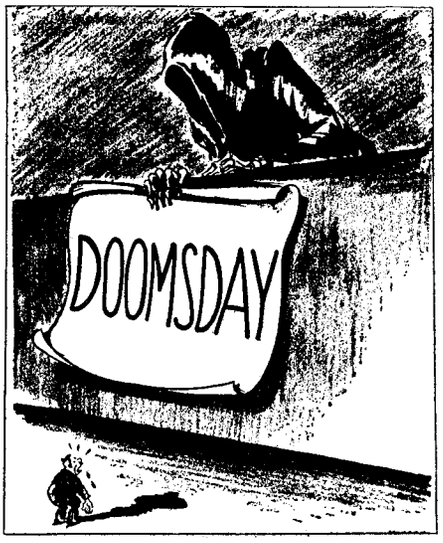
THE COMING STRUGGLE FOR PEACE. André Visson. New York: The Viking Press. 1944. 301 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by NORMAN ANGELL

MR. ANDRÉ VISSON might have given his extremely well written and informing book some such title as "The Rocks Ahead" for it does not deal with the Planning of Peace, nor present a Great Design for the Better World, but discusses, instead, the very grave obstacles which must be overcome or got around if we are to make a peace that has much chance of durability. He has chosen for treatment British-American relations, those of the Soviet Union and her allies, the problems relating to Poland, Finland, and the Baltic States, France, Scandinavia, and the Low Countries, Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, Greece, Danubian Europe, Arab aspirations, Iraq, Transjordania, Syria, and Lebanon. In covering this tremendous territory Mr. Visson presents many facts which are practically unknown to the American public as a whole, and yet which bear most vitally upon any peace settlement. The facts, complex and difficult to disentangle as they often are, are presented with a detachment and impartiality that are at times positively superhuman.

And the book is astonishingly up-to-date. The chapter on France, for instance, and its discussion of the de Gaullist problem make timely reading in connection with the momentous news appearing any of these June days. Incidentally the author has in his introduction (in many respects the best part of the book) some wise and penetrating observations touching the relation of the Big Three to the liberated countries. It is true, he says, that France will owe her liberation to the senior members of the United Nations; but it is also true that "France will be the last European country to accept with resignation her new status as a subordinated nation, and one subordinated to non-European powers." Mr. Visson foresees that, though at first the peoples of the liberated countries of our Allies will be thankful for the freedom from oppressors that the American soldiers have brought them, and for the food and relief that will follow, they cannot help but resent in the long run their obligation to foreigners, even to friendly and Allied foreigners, for their liberation.

Mr. Visson does well to call attention to this truth, as also to the tendency of each member of the alliance to over-value its contribution to the common cause—and to underestimate the contribution of his allies. Mr. Visson's service to mutual understanding would have been greater still if, in his selection of facts with which to deal, he had given greater emphasis to those which might be a corrective to the tendency to which he refers. In covering the territory just indicated he is bound to select facts—to deal with some and neglect others. (A score of volumes would not cover adequately all the relevant facts.) Furthermore,



—Mergen in The Atlanta (Georgia) Journal.
"The Meaning of D Day."

he is of course aware that a busy and preoccupied public like the American has a very limited "absorbtive capacity" for facts in the field of foreign affairs. The director of public opinion research of Princeton University, recalling the other day the fact that there were ninety million adults in the United States, pointed out that, of these ninety, fifty-five had never heard of the Atlantic Charter; eighty-six of the ninety were unable to name even one of the Charter's provisions. Carefully taken polls have revealed that despite the discussions of a quarter of a century, fifty-six per cent of the population of the United States are unaware that this country did not join the League of Nations; that after years of heated discussion of the Irish question, about fifty per cent are unaware that the Irish Free State is neutral and is not fighting; over seventy per cent are unaware that Britain is providing the United States with military supplies under Lend-Lease. In view of this limited "absorbtive capacity" we are bound to ask, "What knowledge is of most worth?" in correcting or forestalling misapprehension. Since all the facts cannot be given, which selection of them can best convey the truth? All facts, of course, have value. But some are more valuable than others.

The implication of almost all the facts which Mr. Visson details is that there are immense risks of dangerous disagreements among the Allies. What then are the facts which need emphasis in order to correct this tendency to disagreement and disunity? They are those, surely, which reveal most clearly our dependence on each other, not merely economically, but for defense, for actual national survival. You don't as a rule indulge in unnecessary and bitter quarrels with the man upon whose good will you are dependent for your existence. Any tendency on the part of Britain, say, to adopt an attitude of patronage or domination towards Holland or Norway or Denmark or France is best corrected by a full realization on the part of the British that, if those states had really accepted the Hitlerian New Order, if the Quislings and the Vichyites had been a majority instead of a minority, then Britain's independence would be at an end; for she can only defend herself against Germany, can only reach her enemy, through those countries. And if Britain is in that sense dependent on France, the United States is certainly in equal degree dependent on Britain. This is the kind of fact we are all most apt to forget as soon as minor differences appear, and which, consequently, needs continually bringing into the forefront.

The very first chapter in Mr. Visson's book, which he entitles "The Cornerstone," deals with British-American relations. He recognizes that if they go haywire there can be no peace. He discusses at some length the widespread American criticism of British imperialism; the disappointment of the American public that, having come to Britain's assistance twice, Britain continues to play power politics. Thus, great American suspicion about British "sincerity." These are exceedingly important facts and Mr. Visson does well to emphasize them. But what are the "corrective" facts indispensable to Anglo-American understanding? They are surely, among others, the fact that we are in a second world war largely because Britain did *not* "play power politics" enough, or played them incompetently; that Britain was too little, not too much, concerned about the growing power of Germany and its threat to Anglo-French power; too little, not too much, concerned about the threat which Japanese power constituted to the British Empire in the Far East; too little, not too much, concerned about Mussolini's attempts at African imperialism. Indeed the gravamen of the charge now so commonly brought against Britain by her critics is that, instead of maintaining her own preponderance of power by meeting rival imperialisms, she "appeased"

(*Continued on page* 30)

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The Saturday Review
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PHILOSOPHER ON A PILLAR

GEORGE SANTAYANA is of course one of the intellectual giants of our time. His contributions to the philosophy of Western civilization entitle him to enduring regard. What we have to say in bitter criticism of Santayana is done with a full realization of the measure of the man; indeed, we say it not despite his achievements but because of them.

Last week Herbert L. Matthews, the Rome correspondent of *The New York Times*, went to interview Santayana in his room in a corner of the convent of English Blue Sisters on the Celian Hill. We can well imagine Mr. Matthews's thrill in meeting the aged philosopher, just as we can well imagine his disappointment in hearing what he had to say. Herbert Matthews is a sensitive and forthright person; he perhaps more than most foreign correspondents recognized the virus of fascism for what it was far back in the early stages of the disease. He was in Ethiopia and Spain; he tried to warn the world about the rapidly spreading contagion in a remarkably acute book called "Two Wars and More to Come," published in 1938.

Here, then, is a man who learned his anti-fascism the hard way; someone who had seen books burned and scholars and philosophers ground under the heel if they were not lucky enough to be able to flee; someone who had seen human lives mashed into pulp, who had seen persecution for the sake of persecution, brutality for the sake of brutality. Surely nowhere among our corps of foreign correspondents could we find a writer more conscious of the issues of the time, more sensitive to the presence of ideas and their meaning in the world.

But when he walked into Santayana's villa, he walked into another world. Here, surrounded by the tranquil beauty of cultivated landscape and ancient ecclesiastical buildings, he found Mr. Santayana continuing his autobiography and projecting a political work, "Thrones and Dominations," for post-war publication.

But Mr. Matthews was interested in the opinions of this man who has deeply influenced philosophical thought and who belongs to America, though he is still a Spanish citizen, and was not concerned with his future creative work. At that historic moment when American troops entered the Eternal City, when twenty years of Fascist Empire had fallen into chaos, when the greatest invasion of all time had crashed into France, what had he to say of our achievement and the immediate future of a world at war? The correspondent was startled by the result of his interview, for Mr. Santayana, alert and vital in his eighty-first year, seemed neither to know or care what was going on around him. "I live in the eternal," he said, and so Mr. Matthews had to tell him about Italy, fascism, Russia, and the war, in which he appeared to be only mildly interested.

Whether living in the eternal or not, one would think that a single gleam from the temporal world would have penetrated into the retreat of this author of some forty books—a gleam from the extraordinary success of his autobiography. But he was amazed at Mr. Matthews's report. "I suppose," he said thoughtfully, "that they remembered me because of my novel." ("The Last Puritan," published in 1935.) If it is startling, and at a first glance even admirable, to find that so brilliant a mind has been able to retreat into itself to so profound a degree that self is forgotten, what are we to think of the opinions that he finally expressed, for he had no feeling, personally, of either opposition or approval of fascism? "Doubtless," he said, "there were good, as well as bad things. I think it is right that there should be new movements suitable to new generations and periods. They shock and disturb those who are attached to the old institutions, but they are not meant for them. The trouble with applying fascism to Italy, is that the people are undisciplined. They often make good fascists from eighteen to twenty-five, but after that they become individualists again. One can say that *they are not on a high enough social level* to become good fascists" (italics ours).

But whether said by "the man in the street" or the philosopher, consider what this remarkable statement implies: that democracy which has risen in such tremendous might to crush its enemies in a few years is an "old institution," that the new fascism, God help us, is not suited to it, that it demands discipline and a high social level. Is Mr. Santayana not aware that fascism set out to conquer the world and in three years had taken all Europe, a good part of Asia, and a quarter of Russia, and that if it had not been checked would have destroyed democratic institutions everywhere? Are they actually alike to him, a world of tyranny and a world of free institutions, however blunderingly expressed?

To this philosopher there seems to be neither wrong nor right, and it is somehow terrifying to contemplate a mind and a gift so great that it can renounce the world in which it lives. Granted that you do not approach the philosopher as if he were a soothsayer, that you expect him to be remote from the lesser concerns of man's striving; but isolationism on so vast a scale concerning the major interests of so dynamic a time seems to indicate an atrophy of a part of man's intellectual endowment.

The mystery must lie, it would seem, in Mr. Santayana himself, and not in the fact that he is a philosopher. Archibald MacLeish has written of him that the air he inhabits is the air all genius must fly and his defects are those of supreme qualities. "He stands upon his spirit, but his experience is esthetic altogether." We know that he came to America at the age of nine and re-retired after twenty-three years as a teacher of philosophy at Harvard in 1912, after receiving a legacy which enabled him to devote himself exclusively to writing. He has never married. A few years ago he wrote for that admirable "Biographical Dictionary," edited by Stanley J. Kunitz and Howard Haycraft, an illuminating study of his own life. If it had been available to Mr. Matthews in Rome, he would not have been so astonished at Mr. Santayana's aloofness. Here he would have found:

> The dismay that has fallen on so many minds has not touched me. I have never had any illusions about the world being rationally guided or true to any ideals. Reason and ideals arise from doing well something that at bottom there was no reason for doing.

The medieval esthetic who was also a philosopher occasionally exposed himself to the elements on the top of a column, like Saint Simeon Stylites, and suffered in the flesh so that he might be able to contemplate man in an ecstasy of renunciation. Mr. Santayana has also removed himself from this struggling and suffering world, now divided in a vast and bloody schism. In his pleasant retreat in the corner room of the gentle convent where he expects to live out his days he can look out toward the south over the rolling hills toward Rome. He has nothing to say to us that the ordinary man wants to hear in these times, and it will do none of us good to query him further.

H. S.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Struthers Burt on the Founding Fathers

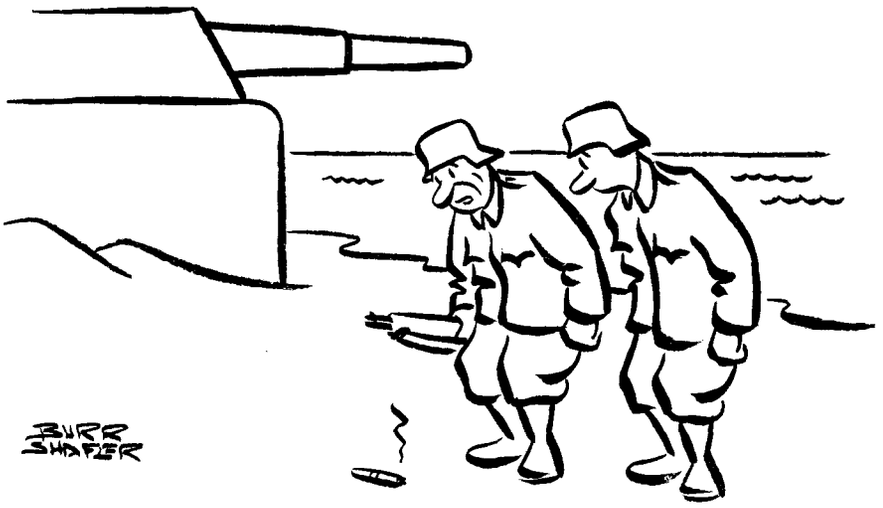
SIR: By their nature Americans are the most interesting historians in the world; by their nature, they are the most inaccurate. Because of his temperament, and perhaps the climate, practically every American when he sets out to write history, or a biography, or the fictionalized form of these, unconsciously or otherwise, adopts a thesis, and sticks to it through thick and thin. Even as scholarly a historian as Charles Beard does this.

The result is interest, if not always the truth, and so far as I am concerned, being an American, and therefore loving excitement and controversy, I am all in favor of history or biography with a thesis. It was James Truslow Adams, wasn't it, who said that "objective history was merely history without an object." So this is no attack upon the historian who has opinions. To hell with scholarship, and there aren't any real facts, anyway. But it is, as a rule, better to base one's opinions, right or wrong, upon a degree of intimate research.

A few years ago, and before Pearl Harbor, when it was still possible to convince certain otherwise fairly sane Americans that democracy didn't amount to much, and that the "mastermind of Italy" was "at least running trains on time," and that his partner in Germany had at least "abolished all labor troubles," there was a spate of novels, histories, and brochures proving that the Founding Fathers were pretty low-class, feckless fellows who didn't know much what they were doing, that Washington's army was indeed a rabble in arms, cowardly and shifty, and that practically every respectable man or woman in the Colonies was a Loyalist.

Times change. Exactly the same arguments are being used today, but the premises are diametrically opposed. Now you say that the Founding Fathers were pretty low-class, feckless fellows, that Washington's army was indeed a rabble in arms, and that practically every respectable man or woman on the Colonies was a loyalist, but you say it to prove that in all crises everyone who owns any property at all, or who washes his face, is by nature a traitor and a timid fool.

This latter premise appeals to me, for undoubtedly it is true that in the face of danger, political, social, or economic, or even of milder change, a certain number of the well-to-do—too many—are unbelievably stupid and wrong-headed, with the inevitable result that sooner or later they get their heads cut off, actually or symbolically. But it is equally true that no great advance has ever taken place unless formulated, led, and partly manned by the brothers, sons, or even fathers of the very recusants we are talking about.



"Himmel! Churchill's brand!"

It is true that during the American Revolution opinion in Boston, New York, and Philadelphia was divided, unlike the South, where it was heavily patriotic. It is true that in Philadelphia was the added element of Quaker pacifism and caution, although there was also the magnificent element of the "Fighting Quakers." It is true, many Loyalist families left New York, Boston, and Philadelphia when the British evacuated those cities—3,000 Loyalists of all ages, both sexes, and all conditions of life, from Philadelphia alone. But all this recently has been grossly exaggerated, and usually to prove preconceived notions and to strengthen, on one side or the other, prejudices. For every De Lancey in New York there was a Morris or Livingston or Schuyler; for every Galloway or Bouché in Philadelphia, there was a Morris, a Franklin, a McLane, or a Clymer. Nor was the division a social one by any manner of means. Patriots and Loyalists were to be found in every class. Nor was the immigration of Loyalists from this country to Canada or the West Indies anywhere near as great as is now often stated and imagined. Many Loyalist families remained just where they were, unharmed and respected. It depended largely upon how they had behaved.

The men who signed the Declaration of Independence were the leading men of the Colonies in every way; men of position, of education, and of race. Washington's army as a whole was staffed and led by men of exactly the same calibre. The First and Second Congresses had a higher level of education, intelligence, and place than any Congresses that have followed them. And these statements are not matters of opinion, but matters of fact and research. It is also true—to assail another fallacy—that the descendents of these men, with very few exceptions, are still leading Americans, and have maintained, little changed, their position.

It is not good for a country, especially in times like these, to believe that it was founded by rascals, marplots, and the dispossessed.

This outburst is occasioned by the review of a novel, "Treason," by Robert Gessner, which appeared in your May 20 issue. I have not read "Treason," which has to do with the behavior of Benedict Arnold, and it may be, as a novel, a very good book indeed. I hope to read it. But as history, if one is to judge by what the reviewer says, it must be not only inaccurate but fairly disastrous.

I quote the first sentences of the last paragraph of the review:

> Much of the story takes place in Philadelphia, the most notorious Loyalist center. In Boston and New York practically all the upper class opposed the war, but in Pennsylvania the majority of people of all classes from the beginning to the end of the struggle opposed independence. . . .

With all due respect to Mr. Cordell, the reviewer, seldom in my life have I read such nonsense, and such dangerous nonsense at that. Every adjective he uses is untrue. To begin with, and very naturally, practically all Americans of any wisdom or goodwill hoped, if possible, to right their wrongs without recourse to actual revolution or entire separation from the mother country, and such Americans included Benjamin Franklin, George Washington, Robert Morris, and John Adams. And why not? America did not begin in 1775. It was a century and a half old, a matter of six generations, when the First Provisional Congress met. George Washington's great-grandfather was the first American Washington, and Washington himself was a man of great position, great

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power, and large property, and a mature man as well. And so were most of the leaders of the American Revolution. Unless you realize that, you cannot assess properly the courage and audacity of what happened. Nor can you achieve a decent or proper pride in your country.

I think this is very important psychologically, and I feel it at the moment more deeply historically, perhaps, than most, because for the last two years, much against my will, I have been engaged upon research having to do with the history of Philadelphia for a book just completed.

STRUTHERS BURT.

Southern Pines, N. C.

"The Illiteracy of Educators"

SIR: Mr. Philip Wylie's attack on the "intellectuo-liberals" in the "Strictly Personal" column recently instituted by the *Review* calls for an answer and a sharp one. Mr. Wylie in his spirited defense of the advertising boys in Washington, who long ago took over and killed the O.W.I.'s domestic branch, seems to feel it necessary to kick a long-dead corpse.

The original domestic branch of the O.W.I. was a gallant group of progressive Americans who were more interested in achieving democracy in this country than in turning out slogans like "Cut Logs—For Cash and Country." This courageous group of "intellectuo-liberals" actually had the effrontery to wish to dramatize for the people by large circulation pamphlet and poster publications the ideals on which our government is founded. Mr. Wylie castigates this group as "dreamers." Thomas Paine, Thomas Jefferson, and William James—thoughtful men who probably had no idea how to write Mr. Wylie's "corny wonderful ads"—were intellectual dreamers, too.

But there is something more serious here than meets the eye. When Mr. Wylie classes idealists and isolationists together as dreamers, he is using double-talk reminiscent of the most vicious reactionary political line used in this country. He is talking, whether he means to or not, like a Scripps-Howard editorial. He is attacking the liberals of the O.W.I. for psychological blunders when their every move was checkmated by the very advertising men whom Mr. Wylie seems to represent.

And now Mr. Wylie has the nerve to call it a "mixed-up war" and blame it on the defeated liberals. Advertising has taken over. We hear no more of the Four Freedoms. The "strong drink" we get now is being paid for by generous advertisers, who, with no products to sell, are having their kept men write reactionary copy, which (final irony!) the Government pays for. For this Mr. Wylie feels they should be congratulated.

Mr. Wylie, I am afraid, makes noises like an advertising man, and hides behind nice, sonorous words like freedom and dignity—but apparently he advocates freedom of enterprise and the dignity of the corn-loving businessman.

Is this the same Mr. Wylie who wrote such a commendable piece on anti-semitism? He has thrown some of the dust into his own eyes. For shame, Mr. Wylie! Cornucopia!

BERNARD B. PERRY.

Tuckahoe, N. Y.

"What Has Become of the Limerick?"

SIR: Inspired by Carl Rider's excellent article on "What Has Become of the Limerick?," we are offering a small prize of ten dollars for the best limerick on Mark Twain the man, or his work, or both combined. The judges will be James Thurber, Frank Sullivan, and Clement Wood. All limericks must reach us by August first.

CYRIL CLEMENS.

Webster Groves, Mo.

Still "Little Willie"

SIR:

Little Izzy Izzenheimer
Thought he'd be a steeple climber
One day while climbing up a steeple
Fell to the ground, 'fore all those
people.
Wasn't that the nicest game?
He broke the e-r off his name
Yes, father got there just in time
To pick up Izzy Izzenheim.

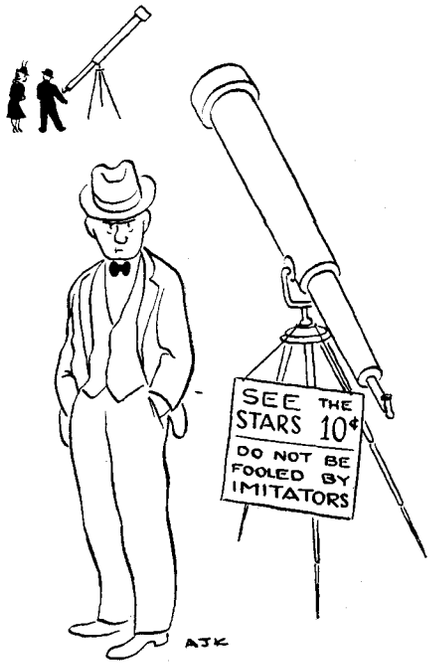
I think I should add here that I am only a twelve year old boy, but just the same, I read *SRL* and like it very much.

TONY ASTRACHAN.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

"The Most Beautiful Words"

SIR: In Bennett Cerf's column a few weeks ago I saw several lists of "the most beautiful words" in the English language. It reminded me of a list of the Ten Most Beautiful Words in the English Language which Wilfred Funk prepared and gave to the AP one dull day about twelve years ago. The list appeared in the Sunday papers. That afternoon my assignment was to call up or visit various literary personages and get their opinions of the list—I don't remember what the ten words were.



By telephone I got hold of such people as Fannie Hurst (she plugged "madonna"), Dorothy Parker, and Hendrik Willem Van Loon. Miss Parker said the loveliest word in the language was "cellar-door." Van Loon, to my surprise, chose the same hyphenated honey. I told him Miss Parker had beaten him to it. He swore he did not know her but thought he ought to, after that.

I was living at the time with John Lardner and his cousin, Dick Tobin. Through them I got in touch with Ring Lardner, who was then at No Visitors (Doctors Hospital). He made up a list of ten words himself, and they, of course, took the headlines and were printed all over the country. Two of them were Lardner lovelies, complete with definitions: Blute—a man who smokes but does not inhale; Crene—a man who inhales but does not smoke. He also chose McNaboe, the name of a well-known State Senator, and Hickman Powell, our Albany correspondent at the time, told me that McNaboe took such an unmerciful kidding (his colleagues sent him flowers, candy, perfume, etc.) that he flung himself across the bed in his hotel room and burst into tears.

The story taught me a lesson, however—one I never forgot. About a month later, at Christmas, a beautiful nurse appeared at the door of our apartment and handed us a great package of fruit, nuts, food, etc., from Ring. In the basket was a special gift for me—an envelope containing all the clippings which Romeike had turned up for him on the Ten Words story. On the envelope was written: "Sixty-six clippings at .10 a clipping, $6.60." Thus gently was I reminded that my request for his help on a Sunday story was really an imposition. He subscribed to the clipping service because he had to—syndicated writers thus check up on where their stuff is printed. I had boosted his bill just to get a good story for myself. He didn't need the publicity and didn't want it. Others, of course, did it often—O. O. McIntyre, for instance (at ten cents for every appearance of his stick it was no fun), but I did not offend again.

THOMAS SUGRUE.

Clearwater Beach, Fla.

"The Literary Fallacy"

SIR: If you have room for just a line or two more on the wonderful DeVoto—Lewis controversy, you may care to print the quotation which irrepressible impertinence led me to send to Mr. DeVoto himself:

"The other answered with a grin,
'Why, what a temper you are in!'"

L. W. HOPKINSON.

Cambridge, Mass.

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"Abe Martin"—Hoosier Sage

A Rail-Fence Philosopher and His Aphorisms

JO HUBBARD CHAMBERLIN

I FIRST met Kin Hubbard when I was four years old.

With my hair combed flat and wearing a Buster Brown suit, I was sitting with my father in the Bellefontaine, Ohio, Opera House, while my mother acted in a home talent show. Between newspaper jobs, Kin Hubbard produced local entertainments. On a stage he had built a huge "sausage machine" in which local people were pushed through huge cotton rollers and emerged later on as "re-made" individuals—amid the laughter of the audience.

I sat quietly, down front, until I saw *my* mother disappear into the machine. My tribute to Kin's dramatic realism was a terrific howl, and I refused to shut up until my harassed father took me back stage. There my mother, miraculously alive, dried away my tears.

Although Kin gained world fame as a newspaper humorist, he was first of all a showman. As a boy, he saved his money, and unlike Horatio Alger's heroes, he did not bank it. Instead, he bought himself a tambourine and a pair of "mirth provokers"—long, wide-dancing shoes. He practised by the hour to become *Mistah Bones* in a minstrel show.

In fact, Kin's entire life was a complete refutation of the Horatio Alger theme. He spent twenty years drifting from one job to another. All his life he loved to loaf around theatres, cigar stores, and livery stables, and he remarked admiringly: "Some folks can look so busy doin' nothin' that they seem indispensable." He finally won fame by writing two sentences a day. He turned down huge radio and stage offers; he knew what he could do best, and he wanted leisure to carry on his struggle against the weeds in his lawn.

The pleasant pay-off is that these itinerant years gave Kin's quips a homely, authentic American touch that he could never have achieved by long hours of earnest effort. He *knew* people. Who else but Kin could have said, "When a feller says it hain't th' money but the principle o' th' thing, it's th' money." Or, "When a woman says, 'I don't wish to mention any names'—it ain't necessary."

Hubbard died in 1930 but such remarks as "Th' first robin is usually th' sign o' good sleighin'" have an imperishable flavor.

He put these words into the mouth of a mythical Indiana farmer named "Abe Martin." Abe Martin is a sharp philosopher, on a rail fence: "There seems t' be an excess of everythin' 'cept parkin' space an' religion." Of an "Uncle Tom's Cabin" troupe he said, "Th' dogs were good, but they had poor support." Abe is a lover of small communities: "A hick town is one where even a hair-cut changes th' whole appearance o' the community," and Abe reflects the views of millions of farm and city folk alike when he says, "Th' hardest thing is t' disguise your feelin's when you put a lot o' relations on th' train for home."

Frank McKinney Hubbard was born in Bellefontaine, Ohio, in 1868, the son of the editor of *The Weekly Examiner*.

I was also born in Bellefontaine. "The town," said Kin, "can be identified by the two sparrows on the south end of the water tank near the Big Four station." I can certify, from many years of observation, that Kin's identification is quite correct—except that the two sparrows now on duty are great-grandchildren of the pair Kin knew.

Kin's first job was with a sign-painter, gilding the huge watches that jewelers hang in front of their stores. He learned typesetting in *The Examiner* shop. When his father, a Democrat, was appointed Postmaster during Grover Cleveland's first administration, Kin became a clerk, and swapped jokes through the window with everybody. But in Republican Logan County

in those days Democrats had a hard time. As Kin remarked, "A couple o' strangers wuz here this week talkin' up a cannin' factory. One was dressed like a Dimmycrat and t'other looked like he wuz in ordinary circumstances, too."

Kin was the official seat-duster of the Bellefontaine Opera House. After performances he would hurry home and make up like characters he had seen. He was, in a word, stage-struck.

He made two trips through the South as a silhouette artist—working at carnivals and country fairs—snipping out likenesses at a dime each. Stranded on one tour, he hired out at eight dollars a week in Tennessee to drive a bread wagon drawn by two white mules. Once a week he had to wash the red mud off the mules. Eventually, he walked back to Bellefontaine.

He went to art school in Detroit, but quit after three days, because in that time he had been allowed to draw nothing but one human ear. Besides Kin wanted to be an actor—and look it.

> I bought a nifty suit of clothes, a loud plaid cape overcoat, a close-reefed brown derby and a massive buckhorn cane, and I remained in Detroit some months, stalling around. My hair was dark and long and unmanageable, and if I had been ten years older I would have passed for an actor of rare ability. That was the idea exactly. In the spring I returned to Bellefontaine and resumed my old position at the General Delivery window, wearing a new diamond banjo scarfpin and a pleasant smile for all.

THE next winter Kin organized the *Grand Bellefontaine Operatic Minstrels*. He wrote to a friend in Indianapolis, describing the show and sketching the scenes. The friend praised the sketches and urged Kin to seek a job on *The Indianapolis News*. He did, and went to work at twelve dollars a week. Kin sketched conventions, fires, clambakes, and high crimes. He could do good caricatures and comic drawings, but he knew little of formal drawing.

One spring day the editor asked him to draw a full-page Easter angel. Kin casually accepted the job—and then rushed out to find an art student who could do it. He turned in a fine angel. On the basis of this success, Kin was asked to produce a whole series of handsome drawings. Kin decided at that moment that it would be wise to leave.

Kin got a job on *The Cincinnati Tribune*—a splendid job; there were plenty of theater passes. But soon his paper merged with another, and Kin was out of work. For a summer he presided at the turnstile of an amusement park, decked out like a pros-

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perous impresario, greeting the happy throngs. Later he was ticket-taker for a Mummified Aztec Mother and Child, exhibited in a covered wagon.

When winter came, Kin went back to Bellefontaine—he could always work on the family newspaper. The wanderlust caught him up again; he worked in Mansfield, O., and Cleveland, then drifted back to Indianapolis. He was made cartoonist for the *Sun*, loved the work, slaved at it, and really began to get ahead. He was working for the *News* in 1904 when he created "Abe Martin." Abe Martin was supposed to live in hilly Brown County, where farming was tough, the land was wooded, and the natives subsisted by blackberrying, basket-making, and sassafras-mining. Kin made a new sketch of him every day, and wrote two of Abe's shrewd comments beneath the picture.

It became a popular *News* feature. Later Kin wrote a comic essay each week entitled "Short Furrows," on such significant subjects as spring fever, the relation o' June to wedlock, life sentences, dance orchestras, and other menaces. In 1905 his best sayings were published as "Abe Martin's Almanac." It was a modest success. James Whitcomb Riley said, "Kin, you've found yourself. You've got a great character in Abe, and there is no end to his possibilities." Each fall thereafter a new "Almanac" appeared.

Kin developed a gallery of Abe's neighbors: Miss Fawn Lippincut, who was "just mannish enough to buy chewing gum at a cigar store," Miss Tawney Apple, who composed household hints as: "A slice of egg plant makes a dandy sink-strainer" and "A farmer should either cut his whiskers or his spaghetti," and Uncle Miles Turner, 103 years of age, "who could remember when tomatoes were poison, and derby hats were lined like coffins."

At this time Kin fell in love with an Indianapolis girl, Josephine Jackson. They met in a theatre lobby. Up till then, Kin declared, he had regarded young women much as he did circus elephants—he liked to look at 'em but didn't want one for his own. Now, Kin had a real goal in life. He never proposed; he just took Josephine downtown and asked her how she liked the furniture in store windows. As soon as Kin had saved $350, he and Josephine were married. As Kin remarked, "The feller that puts off marryin' till he can support a wife ain't very much in love."

Kin's work gradually gained wide recognition. Abe Martin appeared in three hundred newspapers in the United States, Canada, and abroad.

Kin rejected high salaried jobs offered him in New York. He loved *The Indianapolis News* and his friends. He enjoyed Indiana politics, and was a lifelong Bryan admirer. After Bryan's last defeat for the Presidency, Kin swathed himself in bandages from head to foot and emerged from his office on crutches.

Kin would show up at his office each morning at eight a. m., and complete his stint in a few hours. He would then loaf in the city room, and go home after lunch—the dream of every overworked newspaperman. He would devote a whole day to perfecting a trick with cards or sleight-of-hand. He was a good mimic, holding forth in a jovial newspaperman's group at a local tavern, called the Amen Corner. No "Amens" were ever said.

Kin was always on the circus lot in Indianapolis from the time the Big Top went up until it came down. He filled in for the sideshow barkers while they went to lunch. Yet Kin was a painstaking craftsman. If he achieved one comment in six days that really pleased him, it was to him a memorable week.

Kin was no mere cracker-box comic. He did not rely on misspelled words for humor; he used them merely to suggest rural speech. Kin put a new luster on the ordinary things of life: a joke shared with a friend, a fresh-baked pie, circus day, old-fashioned garden flowers, sleighing in January, and roasting ears in June. Beneath Kin's laughter lay a pointed, searching, homespun philosophy: "Lionel Pine, manager of the Monarch 5 & 10, says he encourages his shop girls to marry, addin' 'They work steadier an' are not so apt to quit'."

Kin hated pretense and sham. He was a gifted satirist. As Franklin P. Adams once remarked, "There is more healthy hate in Kin's paragraphs than in anything written these days."

Kin loved America and his fellow men—not overlooking their foibles and shortcomings, or his own. He knew he had plenty. His humor contained neither self-superiority nor sneer, as Booth Tarkington points out. His characters are universal—we all know people like them. There are just as many Fawn Lippincuts in Brooklyn or Beverly Hills as there are in Brown County. So, it is not surprising that "Abe Martin" was published in both small-town weeklies and metropolitan dailies, and he was praised and quoted by such diverse critics as E. V. Lucas, who sponsored an English edition in 1930, Will Rogers, Meredith Nicholson, George Ade, Edgar Lee Masters, Irvin Cobb, Clarence Darrow, Don Herold, Ring Lardner, and Clifton Fadiman. Kin's daily feature is reprinted today in some newspapers as "Abe Martin Repeats."

Kin could get along with all kinds of people. In 1926 a burglar entered his home, took a diamond ring, tied him up, and left with the keys to his car—a Franklin. Later the burgler returned, quite angry. He couldn't start the car, so he took Kin along to drive him downtown. Although he had a gun stuck in his ribs, Kin struck up a conversation with the burglar, who said he needed the car to rob a bank at three p.m. The burglar shoved Kin out of the car, and declared that, since Kin was "O.K.," he would leave the car

A SCATTERING OF ABE MARTIN'S WHIMSIES*

Abe Martin at Random

Some folks tell a good canteloupe by thumpin' it, some by liftin' it, some by smellin' it, an' some by its filigree work, an they're all wrong.

Classical music is the kind that we keep hopin' will turn into a tune.

Bees are not as busy as we think they are. They just can't buzz any slower.

Abe Martin on Home Life

Mother can't flare up an' leave like a hired girl.

Women never git th' benefit o' th' doubt. If they don't look good they might as well be bad.

Married life hain't so bad after you git so you kin eat th' things your wife likes.

Men git old before they know it but women don't.

It takes an intelligent man to talk silly around women.

Abe Martin on the Younger Generation

Th' trouble is most parents don't worry about a daughter till she fails t' show up fer breakfast, an' then it's too late.

There is nothin' so aggravating as a fresh boy that is too old to ignore and too young to kick.

Abe Martin's Philosophy

Money never made a fool of anybuddy; it only shows 'em up.

It's no disgrace to be poor, but it might as well be.

Success may go to one's head, but the stomach is where it gits in its worst work.

Nothin' a little man says ever sounds probable.

I guess it's better in th' long run t' keep your mouth shut, even if you do get th' reputation fer bein' uninterestin'.

A friend that ain't in need is a friend indeed.

*Quotations from Abe Martin's paragraphs are by permission of Mrs. Kin Hubbard, *Indianapolis News*, The Bobbs-Merrill Co., and John F. Dille Co.

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somewhere with Kin's ring in the car door pocket.

Kin rushed to the *Indianapolis News* office. At 4 p.m. the police reported the hold-up of a store—by a man who had escaped in a Franklin car. At five p.m. the car was found—but no ring. The burglar, who had escaped from five jails, was later shot and caught in Buffalo. Before leaving for prison, he informed reporters that Kin "was a real gentleman" and he named the gambler to whom he had sold Kin's ring. Kin got it back.

Though all his life Kin took part in local theatricals, it was always as a producer or make-up man. He made no public appearances as an author: "I tried it once, and it knocked sixty dollars off my book sales for the year."

He attended every show he could. He kept among his prized possessions the "mirth-provokers" and tambourine that he had bought as a boy. One time the four Marx brothers were playing in Indianapolis. Kin called on them back stage. "When are you going to write that play for us?," Groucho reminded Kin of a promise. Kin pulled out his watch, and said, "Well, I don't know. What time's your train leave?"

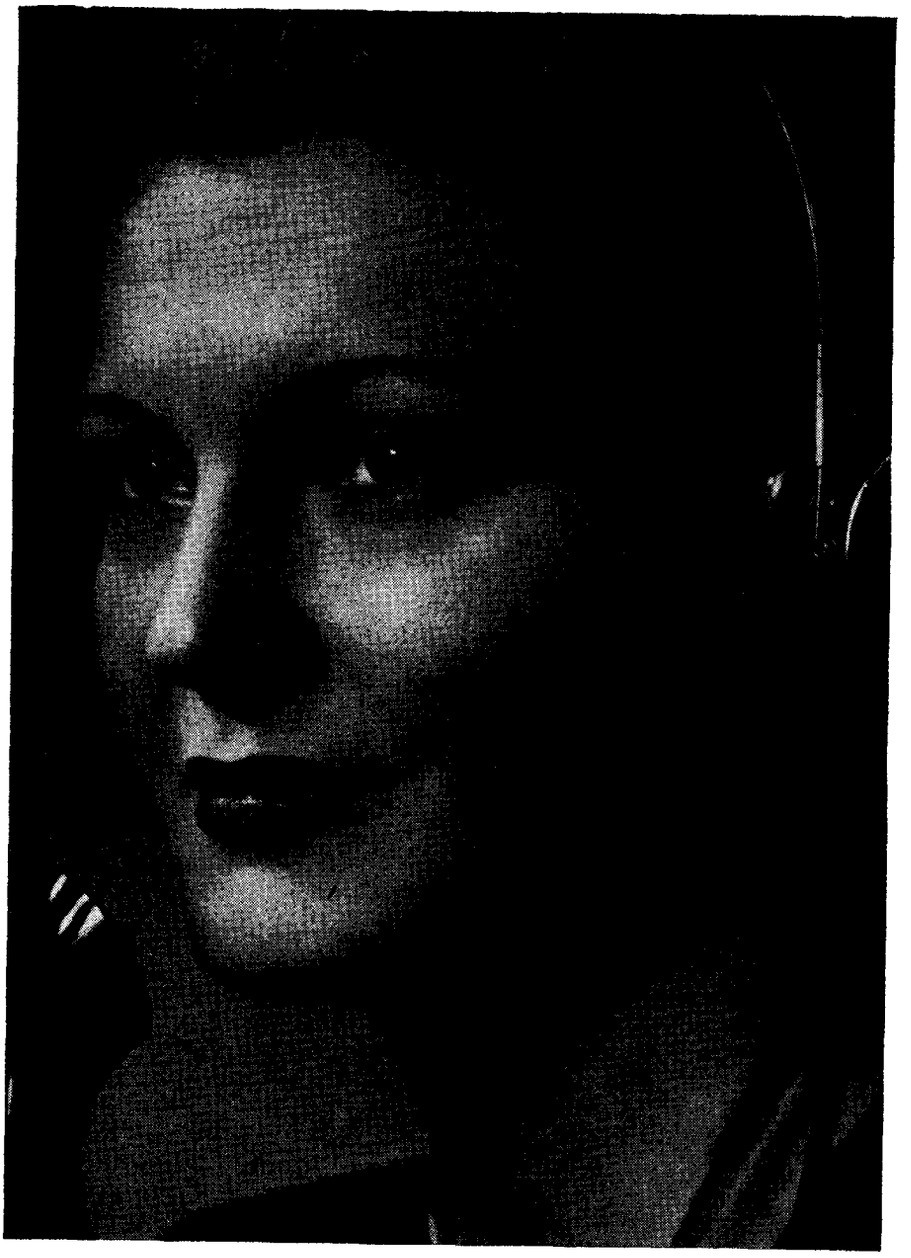
Kin always thought in terms of his home town. Once a friend met him while Kin was on a round-the-world trip. It was ten p.m., Kin talked of going to bed, but recalled that it was several hours earlier in Indianapolis—and stayed up. Later the friend met him again and said, "Hadn't you better go to bed; you know the 9:30 train has gone through?"

"I think," said Hubbard, "I'll just stay up for Number 18."

The last time I saw Kin was in Bellefontaine, standing in front of the corner cigar store, surrounded by old friends—most of them in overalls, fresh from the fields, folks with familiar Logan County names that Kin had used: Harner, Plum, Moots, Lippincut, Kerr, Turner, and Lark. A few doors down the street from the cigar store was the old Bellefontaine Opera House. After being closed for many years, it had opened up again. The lobby was ablaze with showbills—and Kin was delighted.

The years passed quickly and were good, but one day Kin's doctor told him that he would have to be more careful; his heart was bad.

Kin decided that this was just the time to acquire a new house—with everything just as he wanted it to be. He got it, and enjoyed it thoroughly with his wife, son, and daughter. It was there he died in 1930, but the witty and astute remarks that he made will live after him. Kin was buried without any fuss, for as he once remarked modestly, "If some people didn't tell you, you'd never know they'd been away on a vacation."



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TRADE Winds

THE CUSTOMERS ALWAYS WRITE

FROM Charles Schulz, who ran a well-known Paris bookshop before the war:

I am glad that you and many other publishers have taken a definite stand against any dealings with Franco. Let it be for wolfram, let it be for books, these people never will stick to their word.

I was in Madrid nine months ago. I visited every important bookstore there. If you are lucky you may find an occasional classic or art book in English and a sprinkling of French books of the Vichy variety. Every book shop on the main streets, however, has whole shelves full of the latest publications in German.

The opposite is true in Lisbon. The Nazis opened a shop of their own there in July, 1943. No other bookstore wanted to carry their books.

From Elliot Paul:

I've been devoting some time to learning how to analyze handwriting. The other night they brought me an unidentified facsimile of an old letter. "The writer of this letter," I ventured, "was scientific, ruthless, ambitious, and attractive to women. He was very successful, but I wouldn't have trusted him as far as I could throw a six-story building." Everybody laughed, and then they told me who had written the letter.

It was Benedict Arnold!

From Edmund Wilson, when the *SRL* asked him, among others, to express an opinion on the recent Pulitzer awards, came a printed form by return mail. It is reproduced here, in a moment of rare restraint, without any comment:

Edmund Wilson regrets that it is impossible for him

without compensation to	read manuscripts, contribute to books or periodicals, do editorial work, judge literary contests, give educational courses, deliver lectures, address meetings, make after-dinner speeches, broadcast;
under any circumstances to	contribute to or take part in symposiums, take part in chain-poems or other collective compositions, contribute manuscripts for sales, donate copies of his books to libraries, autograph books for strangers, supply personal information about himself, supply photographs of himself, allow his name to be used on letter-heads, receive unknown persons who have no apparent business with him.

From Dr. H. Jaworski, of Rio de Janeiro, Brazil:

Distinguish sir: I read your article about this girl who in dreams goes to a house where live and old man. This story, if is true, is enough interesting because that is a case of dédoublement conscient." I don't no how one can tell that in english but it was useful, if you can find this young lady, to eexplained her that she has an oportunity to make very interesting experiences.

I know any cases more clear than this, but this lady can entraining herself in the future by the concentration of mind.

The public don't know that the "double" exist; this a fact absolutely sure but also very rare times one can observed this phenomenous.

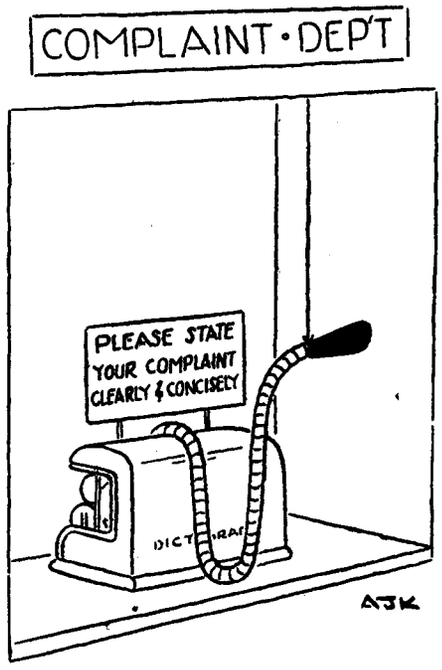
We are going live to Rio; if this question can interest you I can give you another absolutely true facts.

From Charles F. Woods, librarian of Riverside, California:

Here is another story about James Buchanan Duke. He was staggering drunk along the streets of Durham one day, and was rebuked: "Aren't you ashamed, Mr. Duke, to be seen this way? After all, you belong to the Methodist Church." "I belong to the Methodist Church?" roared the old man. "Hell, the Methodist Church belongs to me!"

From Robert McBride:

If you've seen the thrilling film called "Memphis Belle," I think you'll be interested to know that the story that inspired it is told in full detail in a book published by McBride in April. The name of the book is "Into the Jaws of Death"; the author is the war correspondent, Michael Stern.



From Richard Armour:

WATCH ON THE CHARLES

The watchers watch and the wardens ward,
The puritans stand everlasting guard,
For each of this vigilant blue-nosed gentry
Is, self-appointed, a moral sentry.
They give to the newly suspected book
Their own particular kind of look,
A diligent passage-by-passage scanning
To get the goods for a legal banning.

They hunt that which, to the evil mind,
Is sure to be of the evil kind
And which, being found, reveals with a surety
That he who finds it is not all purity.

George Steiner, of New York, submits an explanation of how pictures showing girls' legs came to be known as "cheesecake." He says:

Joe Marsland, a ship news reporter in the Twenties, was very fond of cheesecake. He associated all kinds of beautiful things with it. One day he watched a photographer posing a pretty girl on the ship's rail, knees crossed to show as big an expanse of leg as possible. "Oh, mama!" he exclaimed. "What beautiful cheesecake." The term stuck.

The Columbia University Press's "Pleasures of Publishing" commented on the ignorance betrayed by many great historians about women. This brought the following communication from Christopher Morley:

Of course you are talking very good sense in yr remarks about historians and their forgetfulness (or ignorance) of women.

My own idea has always been that historians should *be* women, who usually know more than men about what is happening—and why. In my novel "Thorofare" (advt) you'll find, or at any rate you *could* find, chapter 59, the following remark:—

Why aren't more historians old

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ladies, they seem to remember all the really interesting things.

My favorite historians would be females such as the Paston women, the Wife of Bath, Mme. de Sévigné, Don Marquis's mehitabel, and Virginia Woolf.

From Ray Healy, virtual dean of Pacific Coast bookmen:

A Johnny-come-lately, rolling in war profits, was advised that people who really belonged went in for quail shooting in the Carolinas. "You'll need a dog for bird hunting," his social mentor informed him. The winner of the most recent field trials at Aiken was for sale; our nouveau riche friend promptly paid ten thousand dollars for the animal.

After the first day's shoot he returned to the clubhouse with one miserable three-ounce bird; other members with ordinary dogs had the limit. "What's the matter?" asked his mentor. "Do you mean to tell me you bagged only one bird with that champion dog?" "Champion dog!" was the heated reply. "The only thing the confounded fool would do all morning was stand still, with his head stuck out and his tail pointing. A few good swift kicks where he felt them most soon got him over that habit!"

From Rose Dobbs, of Coward-McCann:

V. B. Taylor, head of Foreign and International Books, Inc., has a wonderful store of tales which includes some unhackneyed ones about Abraham Lincoln. For instance:

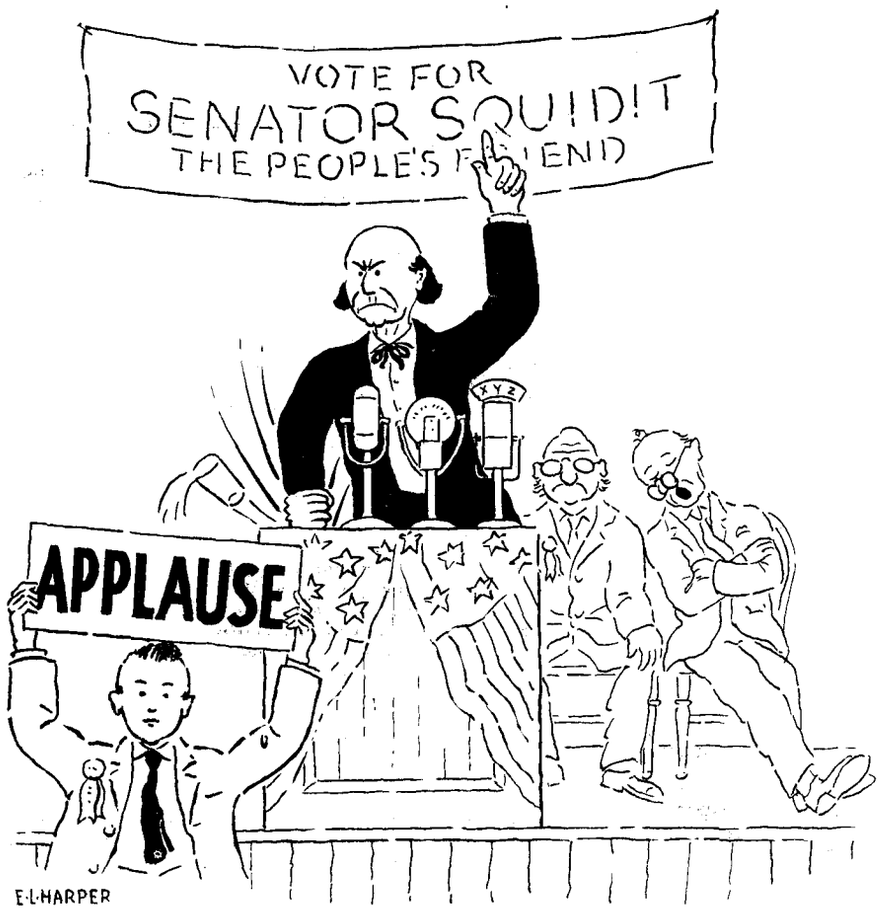
The occasion was a super-duper swank State dinner and Lincoln was having trouble carving the goose. Things were getting pretty desperate and the distinguished guests were becoming more and more apprehensive when, without the slightest warning, the goose slid off the silver platter, went careening down the glittering table and landed—plop!—in a silken lap! There was a unanimous gasp of horror and then a dead silence. When the smoke cleared away, the cool, calm and utterly composed voice of the President was heard. "Madam," said Lincoln, "I'll trouble you for that fowl."

George Macy's Limited Editions Club sends a printed letter every month to its members, in which the forthcoming selection is described without noticeable reticence. The monthly letter that heralded "The Poems of Edgar Allan Poe" was distributed last November, but a member has just given me his copy. The concluding paragraph, so help me, reads as follows:

It seems to us to be quite a book! As we inspect it at this moment, we feel we must prepare ourselves to refrain from being astonished if we learn in later years that, when your grandchildren ask you what you did during this global war, you will reply with the statement that you were acquiring books as beautiful as this one for only ten bucks!"

For once, your correspondent is left without a Trade Wind in his sails!

BENNETT CERF.



"I don't know when a novel has so aroused my admiration . . .

Take my word that it is a mighty good piece of work ...you will find that a reading of it will renew your faith in human nature."

—Ted Robinson, Cleveland Plain Dealer

"Its entertainment value is a match for any novel on the bookshelf today."

—Gerald Hill, Chicago Sun

* * *

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—Los Angeles Times.

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"Professor Garbage"

SMALL TOWN TYRANT. By Heinrich Mann. New York: Creative Age Press. 1944. 255 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by F. C. WEISKOPF

THE fact that Heinrich Mann is known to the American reading public only as the author of the two historical novels which he wrote in his sixties when he was already in exile ("Young Henry of Navarre" and "Henry the King"), has never ceased to puzzle this reviewer. For, there is, in the realm of fiction, hardly a better key to the understanding of those trends and elements in German life leading towards the establishment of the Third Reich of barbarism, than the work of this great writer whose talent combines so happily the rich heritage of German romantic imagination and of Voltairean wit and sense of reality. It can be said without any exaggeration that Heinrich Mann's earlier novels (notably "The Small Town," "Professor Garbage," "Between the Races," "Fool's Paradise," and "The Patrioteer") have done, with regard to the Germany of William II, what the "Rougon Macquart" of Zola did for the literary portrayal of the Second Empire in France. Rereading, for instance, "The Patrioteer" today, we recognize with admiration and awe that there was already, back in 1914, a perfect novelistic picture of the coming Fuehrer, a prophetic preview of the Hitler type of today . . . a brilliant and most complete warrant, too readily overlooked, alas.

And renewing our acquaintance with Professor Unrath we soon find out that "Old Garbage" has lost nothing of his vitality in the twenty-five odd years which have passed since he made his first appearance, but, on the contrary, has gained a new aspect of timeliness and reality for today's readers who could witness the ascent to the post of Nazi Minister of Culture and Education of an astounding likeness of Heinrich Mann's "Small Town Tyrant" in the person of petty, greedy, lascivious, and slightly lunatic Professor Bernhard Rust. Indeed, the story of Professor Garbage's relentless war on his former pupils who nicknamed him "Old Garbage," and of his entangled love affair with the somewhat vulgar music hall singer Rosa Froehlich (a story known to many an old movie goer from its film version as "The Blue Angel" of early Marlene Dietrich fame), reveals itself as much more than an ironic character study with its scene laid in a provincial German town at the beginning of this century.

Here again, as in "The Patrioteer," we have a preview of the Nazi era. "He is a tyrant," one of his pupils, the only one who is not caught by the vindictive small town despot, says of Old Garbage, "and he would rather be ruined than suffer a diminution of his power. An insult—and he hears those insults still at night through the purple hangings of his bed and in his dreams, of that I'm sure—it brings flecks of blue to his face, and it takes a bath of blood to wash them off. He has a patent in rights divine, and would have invented them if it hadn't been done already. No one could approach him even with the utmost self effacement, but that he would cry out how he hated that rebel! He is a misanthrope in grain. That any lungs should dare to inhale or expel breath without his permission fills him with resentment—strains his nerves to snapping. A contradiction, or even contradictory circumstances, and the tyrant, in panic fury, calls on the mob to set fire to the palace, and lets loose anarchy." Who does not see Hitler's face in this mirror?

Therefore, the decision of Creative Age Press to publish several of Heinrich Mann's novels, with "Small Town Tyrant" as the first one to appear, deserves high praise and all possible encouragement. Unfortunately, the realization of the plan falls very short of the good intention.

An anonymous translator has perpetrated a veritable crime on the author and his American readers. This reviewer does not underestimate the difficulty of finding an adequate English expression of Old Garbage's funny latinized idiom. But does this difficulty permit the translator to mutilate narrative passages, to eliminate the spirit of irony, to change the meaning of whole sentences and paragraphs, and to omit essential characteristics?

The peak of translator-vandalism is reached in Chapter IX of the novel. There is a scene in that chapter describing how Rosa Froehlich runs out into the hall and startles the public, which is loudly applauding a pan-Germanic patriotic song, by a screaming parody of that song:

"My husband is a captain
of the proud German fleet
And when he comes home drunk
He slaps my ————"

The translator has quite arbitrarily changed the whole meaning of that scene in simply having Rosa repeat the patriotic song:

From end to end the seven seas,
Where'er a mast is see-n
Germania's flag salutes the breeze,
Of all the oceans queen.

In a similar way, throughout the whole novel, satire is castrated and irony dulled and disfigured. It is, to put it bluntly, a pity and a shame.

[Herewith a few samples of inadequate translation from the English version of "Small Town Tyrant."—F. C. W.]

Literal Translation from the Original Text:	*Translation Used in the Book:*
"Lohmann was the second piece of game, a Red Indian of another tribe, so to speak."	"Lohmann was quite another thing —somewhat Byronic; a strain of Indian blood perhaps."
"And tonight Old Garbage was playing Red Indian on the war path."	"And tonight she was playing the school's game out here in the streets."
"The Froehlich had put her foot on one of the chairs and continued her sewing. Old Garbage did not see it himself, he was only informed of it by the mirror which she was facing. It followed from this, at a first furtive glance, that there was violet blue embroidery on her long, very long black stockings. For a time Garbage did not dare anything more. Then he made the terrifying discovery . . ."	"The Froehlich had put her foot on one of the chairs and continued her sewing. He did not dare to look at her, but he could see her in the glass, which she was facing. He then noticed that her long black stockings had blue embroidery on them. For a time he dared look no further, but before long he made the agitating discovery . . ."
"He saw the two fat creatures, each with a black-white-red flag spread over belly and stomach, standing on a horizontal iron bar, leaning boldly against the posts and opening wide their victory drunken jaws."	"He could see the two plump creatures, each with a flag spread gaily over a fat chest, standing on the steps of a horizontal bar. They leaned against the posts in heroic attitudes, and with exaggerated gestures shouted their patriotic chant."
"You little sucking pig," said the actress Froehlich."	"Old silly, aren't you?" she laughed."
"One could sit among the well-to-do and respectable society, eating salmon sandwiches and enjoying the fact that this was envied by the others."	"One could sit amid well-to-do people, eating salmon sandwiches and enjoying oneself as one had never done before."

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A Huddling Alabama Collection

SPRING HARVEST: A Collection of Stories from Alabama. Selected by Hudson Strode. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1944. 200 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by FRANK DANIEL

FROM Professor Hudson Strode's class in creative writing, at the University of Alabama, has come during its seven years of plenty both a quantity and a wind of fiction to star Tuscaloosa on any literary map of the South. This communal urge to write is almost a Southern folkway. It flowered profusely during the Little Magazine era and seeded the land from Nashville to New Orleans. Richmond's fertile gardens already showed Miss Glasgow and Mr. Cabell as exhibition blooms, while in Atlanta Frances Newman's literary alfalfa bore purple flowers as it added nitrogen to the soil in preparation for Margaret Mitchell's money crop.

The tendency of Southern writers to huddle may indicate their lack of confidence. Occasionally, during the nineteenth century, a voice like Sidney Lanier's was strong enough to lift above the confusion of tongues. But anybody with a curiosity about old diaries and periodicals must be impressed by the vast amount of misdirected energy the section has expended in writing. The new century provided examples but scant precept, more material than tools. Yet, even so, methods we know now as style may have been then evolved as expedients —simplicity which artists like Erskine Caldwell and Lillian Smith employ with special effect.

Certainly the twentieth century increased the Southerner's freedom of movement—Mr. Strode, as it happens, is the author of travel books—and the returned traveler brought back technical understanding as well as souvenirs. Mr. Strode brings to his classes at the University of Alabama not merely scholarship, but a passion for writing, a curiosity and comprehension of its aims and methods, and that particular quality which enables him to share his insight and enthusiasm with others. The fifteen stories by eleven writers who were formerly his students, collected in "Spring Harvest," tell how excellently he has succeeded.

Yet it should first be said that the stories—all but one of which were produced between 1941 and 1943—are not student work, nor the output of accomplished amateurs or promising talents. The stories are mature; they are fulfilments. They are not even first fruits, because several of the contributors have published novels. Most of these stories have been marketed and some of them took prizes. They ask no special indulgence, nor is any required. The best of these stories are the best according to any standard.

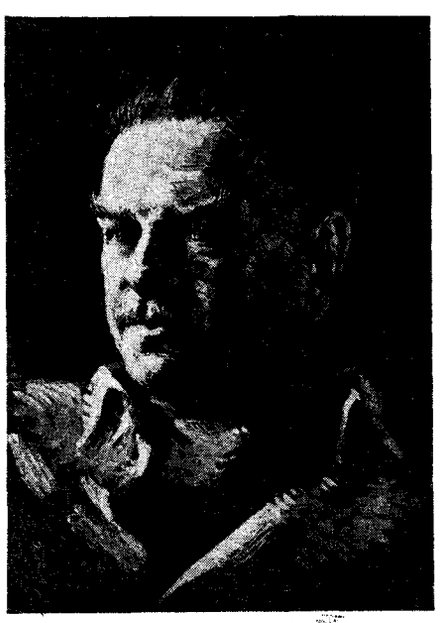
"Spring Harvest" offers variety of theme and tone, but its tales are accented by their origin. Until this war sent our young men and women to the Aleutians and to Tarawa, probably few of these authors were widely traveled. Their stories are stories of Alabama, about the towns and rural sections from which the writers came. But their writing has universality, and its emotions are as general as the reading habit. Robert Gibbons tells in "Time's End" about two Negro tenants who cannot leave the farm where they have spent their lives; they are motivated by familiar instincts, however strange the scene. In "Reedy and the Rabbit," Lonnie Coleman deals feelingly with a child's sensitivity. "'Mr. God' Johnson" has the humor and elongated dimensions of tall tales everywhere. "All Souls' Day," trimly written by Gerrie Thielens, tells of the coming and going of attraction between a well-to-do young woman and Polish immigrant laborer. Robert Ramsey's "Winter's Coming" deals with the price of security. Mr. Gibbons's second story, "A Loaf of Bread," one of the strongest in the collection, deals with hunger and violence in childhood. Phyllis Livingston's "Count Up the Years" is a tragedy of the small-town caste system, and so it goes. Always the writers have sought authenticity and accuracy, and to apply individual experience to our comprehension of life. Their association in this volume is the product of unusual capabilities, ripening under Mr. Strode's expert husbandry.

Ellen Berent's Deadly Jealousy

LEAVE HER TO HEAVEN. By Ben Ames Williams. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1944. 429 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by JONATHAN DANIELS

THERE will be little disposition to disagree with Ben Ames Williams's verdict that his malignant heroine deserves the judgment of Heaven. Indeed, there is no other possibility of punishment for a lady who almost committed the perfect crime by deliberately becoming both the murderess and the murdered in determination utterly to destroy if she could not utterly possess. Unfortunately, however, Mr. Williams's study of Ellen Berent's deadly jealousy so lacks the depth of feeling essential to tragedy that the book lapses into a sort of detective story in which the reader knows the answer all the time.



—From the painting by Arthur Pope
Ben Ames Williams

The truth is, as Mr. Williams states in a preliminary note, that Ellen is from the beginning to the end not a woman but a figure for the jealousy which should be listed among the Seven Deadly Sins. Richard Harland, her novelist husband, seems a single facet character also as a sort of sweet stooge for suffering. And Ruth Berent, Ellen's cousin and adopted sister, is from the first to last pure goodness in contrast to Ellen's devouring, destroying possessiveness. Beside them Ellen is an unredeemed item of unpleasantness even when also described as a beautiful and accomplished woman. She is almost incredibly pure evil, coldly ready to drown Harland's crippled little brother as hated sharer of Harland's affection, ready at last even to frame her own suicide in such a manner as to make Ruth seem her murderer, if, as she feared, Harland might marry her after she died.

Working with such characters in a rigid character pattern of good and evil, it is perhaps not strange that Mr. Williams has not made their story a moving human one. He has, however, written it against backgrounds which are splendidly alive behind the puppet movement of his actors. Mr. Williams knows his Boston and its people and the people and country of the Maine woods and rivers. Some of his minor characters are excellent. It is a pity that those whose lives make his central drama lack their humanity.

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***Coming . . .* The Time for Decision**

By SUMNER WELLES ***Late July***

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Ward Price on General Giraud

GIRAUD AND THE AFRICAN SCENE. By G. Ward Price. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1944. 282 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by FREDERICK GRUIN

IN his thirty-five years with Lord Rothermere's *Daily Mail* G. Ward Price has become one of Britain's, and Europe's, best known journalists. He has a way of getting around and seeing important people. He digs up facts deftly, writes them down readably. But once—a rather noteworthy once—he strayed off the beam. In 1938 he composed a book ("I Know These Dictators") about his old acquaintances Mussolini and Hitler. He reported that they were not such bad fellows, after all; that people who couldn't stomach the Duce or the Fuehrer had "bias."

Since then, of course, Mr. Price, in company with what used to be the appeasement crowd, has changed his mind; now he uses "sinister" to describe Mussolini and Hitler. But in this eulogistic book about old soldier Henri Giraud he seems to have gotten off the beam again. His aim, he says, is "to record the chief incidents" in the career of the man who will command French arms in the "most momentous feat in the military history of France—the reconquest of her national territory." Mr. Price could not foresee that General Giraud would be in retirement by the time this volume went to press, and that General Charles de Gaulle would hold the supreme command of French arms.

Had Mr. Price been able to comment on this latest turn in the controversial French wheel of fortune, he would surely have deplored it. For his money, Henri Giraud has the qualities that lacerated France needs most: "restorative rather than stimulating leadership." Henri Giraud, product of Parisian bourgeois stock and St. Cyr, is conservative, clerical, traditionalist, tidy, calm, unshakable, practical. If he lacks political polish, eloquence, and knowhow, put that down to a rough-and-ready military background.

This opinion is built upon a wealth of fresh, informative, interesting, and always well-told facts on Henri Giraud's life. Mr. Price first met the General in the summer of 1933. The place was a hot, dusty, fly-plagued camp deep in Morocco's Atlas mountains, where Henri Giraud was directing a bloody campaign against the Berbers. He was a three-star general then, a veteran who had known so many brushes with death that he had become convinced of his lucky star: "I have the *baraka* [which is the Berber expression for special dispensation of fate]."

Most newspaper readers know that Henri Giraud had remarkable escapes from German prisons both in World War I and II. Mr. Price tells the stories of these exploits with vivid detail, a good deal of it obviously from General Giraud himself.

In 1914, at Guise, Captain Giraud fell wounded in a gallant bayonet charge. The Germans picked him up, patched him up, foiled his first attempt to escape, could not stop his second try. In 1940, near Sedan, General Giraud sought to repair a gap in the French lines, was surprised, surrounded, and captured by a panzer column. The Germans put him in Schloss Koenigstein, 500 miles from the French frontier, 1,000 precipitous feet above the Elbe River. But the prisoner secretly plaited a rope from odd strings, established contact with the outside, lowered himself down the castle walls, put on a disguise, snaked across Germany, and finally, breathlessly, slipped across the Swiss border.

Mr. Price has less fresh material to add to the now much-told story of the Anglo-American landings in French North Africa, the political snarls that developed, the military campaign that ensued. For General Giraud, the North Africa episode began and ended in frustration. When he left Vichyfrance, apparently by arrangement between Allied diplomats and certain French cartelists, he expected to take supreme command of the Allied invasion, but General Eisenhower disillusioned him in a Gibraltar cave. In Algiers he was superseded first by Admiral Darlan, then more gradually by General de Gaulle.

By and large Mr. Price appears to deal fairly with General Giraud's foremost rival and countryman. He concedes that General de Gaulle is better known among Frenchmen, that his radio "harangues" have been brilliant and stimulating, that he "should seem" to be the incarnation and symbol of French hope and resistance. But the generosity is edged here and there with innuendo-like comments on Fighting French luxury in London, Fighting French "propaganda" through the BBC, Fighting French liaison with Leftists and "discontented sections of the community."

It was Mr. Price's hope that Henri Giraud's leadership and faction could curb any discontent of the French when their time of smarting and suffering is done. He views with alarm the Algiers trials of collaborationists like Pierre Pucheu; he feels they may well be "witch-hunts" and the signal for a revival of Jacobin excesses. Mr. Price's point of view is important; there is no doubt a lot of important Frenchmen, with important connections in Washington and London, share it.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 534)

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By Howard Collins

PLACE-NAMES IN POETRY

This week's quiz, suggested by W. A. McClenthen of Baltimore, takes a geographical twist. Each of the 33 place names listed below, some of which are real and some imaginary, is closely, if not uniquely, associated with a particular poet. After making the mental jump of identifying the poem in which the place-name appears, can you name the poet? Allowing 3 points for each correct answer, a score of 60 is par, 72 is very good, 84 or better is excellent. You'll find the answers on page 41.

1. Afton.
2. Auburn.
3. Azores.
4. Blenheim.
5. Canopus.
6. Chillon.
7. Congo.
8. Dove.
9. Gitche Gumee.
10. Glenartney.
11. Göttingen.
12. Gulliby Isles.
13. Habersham.
14. Hamelin.
15. Kew.
16. Ludlow.
17. Moulmein.
18. Mudville.
19. Naishapur.
20. Oxus.
21. Reading.
22. Samarcand.
23. Shalott.
24. Southwerk.
25. Spoon River.
26. Suwanee.
27. Tara.
28. Tilbury Town.
29. Titipu.
30. Ware.
31. Xanadu.
32. Yaanek.
33. Zemmery Fidd.

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—*CARL CARMER, Saturday Review of Literature*

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THE BATTLE CONTINUES IN THE PEACE

(*Continued from page* 15)

them. In such confusion of thought, the one fact which can most usefully be brought to the attention of those Americans so deeply disturbed about British imperialism is this: if the British, in addition to appeasing rival imperialisms instead of resisting them, had abandoned their own completely; if there had been no British Empire in 1940 after the fall of France, Germany and Japan would have won this war.

For without Gibraltar, or Malta, or troops in Egypt (reënforced by Churchill at the very moment when Britain herself was facing invasion) German power would have joined up with the Japanese in the Indian Ocean. With Britain disposed of Hitler could have made his attack on Russia earlier, and with no Anglo-American materiél reaching the Russian forces German air power might well have established itself on the shores of Bering Sea, within a few minutes' flying distance of American territory, and at Vladivostock to aid in the Japanese defeat of China.

It may be said, of course, that all this, showing the defensive interdependence of the Allies, does not constitute a fact but a conclusion about a contingency, the interpretation of fact, an opinion. But very properly in this first chapter on British-American relations Mr. Visson discusses mainly opinion and interpretation of fact: American opinion about Britain and British opinion about America; and the interpretation which each gives of the other's policies and intention. He is right to deal with this order of fact because in international politics opinions are usually the main facts. It serves little purpose just to present the "facts" if the presentation is of a kind which gives rise to misleading interpretation or opinion. And of this Mr. Visson in his first chapter (perhaps the least happy in the book) is occasionally guilty. Thus in explaining or excusing British imperialism he slips into the repetition of a common conventional misinterpretation which economists know to be fallacious and the repetition of which won't add at all to understanding of the issues involved. He writes:

> The Empire is to the English the geographical solution of their economy. It was the prosperity created by her imperial markets that enabled Britain to increase her population fivefold during the last century. Loss of those markets without economic compensation would ruin England. Thus the political question is fundamentally an economic question.

All that is simply not so and gravely confuses the whole issue. Long since Britain ceased to be economically an empire, a central authority, that is, using its political power for special economic advantage. The Dominions and India are all fiscally independent, making their own tariffs and fiscal arrangements just like foreign states; and Whitehall must treat them even more gingerly than foreign states. (The Ottawa arrangements do not invalidate this statement.) Britain's main overseas trade has never been with the Commonwealth or Empire, and she early learned that political power could not profitably be used for economic ends in the old seventeenth and eighteenth century fashion. At the beginning of the period of which Mr. Visson speaks—the beginning of the nineteenth century—Britain had but recently lost an empire, the American colonies. This did not mean that the American empire was lost to Britain as a market, or field for investment, or source of raw materials. Britain's trade with North America was far greater after the loss of the thirteen colonies than it had been before. In the early decades of the nineteenth century Britain invested far more in the United States and other non-empire countries than in the empire itself. It was on the basis of American, not empire, raw materials and food stuffs, notably cotton, that much of her great export trades were built up. At the outbreak of the present war Britain was doing considerably more trade with Latin America than with India; and when India becomes politically as well as fiscally independent it is extremely unlikely that British-Indian trade will decline; it is more likely to increase.

In dealing with differences about

—Photo by George Tames
André Visson

debts Mr. Visson fails to bring out clearly the essential fact (failure to grasp which has provoked most of the bitterness on this subject) which is that debts like those incurred by Britain in the last war (or like reparations) must in the last analysis be paid by goods or services, an increase of exports by the debtor country, an increase in its foreign trade. To prevent or check the exports by high tariffs is to prevent or check the payment. To demand payment and at the same time raise tariffs is to take the position indicated in the German proverb: "Wash me; but do not make me wet." A similarly simple economic fact has to be remembered in connection with the disputes about the South American markets. Britain has large South American investments because she can accept payment of dividend or interest in frozen beef and other meat products; in corn and other food stuffs. America does not need and could not advantageously buy these products. If America took over South American securities—stock, say, in Argentine meat packing establishments—and then found she could not take the products of those establishments and that Britain, because deprived of her investments could not either, in that case, what would the securities be worth? The fact that Britain buys so much from South America places British currency in South American hands, which can be used for the purchase of British goods or services. If Britain did not buy she could not sell; the purchase is the basis of the sale. She buys because the soil of Britain cannot feed the people living on it. Build a wall round the United States so that nothing comes in or goes out and there would be economic dislocation, inconvenience; people might have to drink Postum instead of coffee. But nobody need starve. Draw such a wall round Britain and her people would face famine; most of the children born could never reach healthy maturity.

Yet the facts are that her political power has never been used to keep open the markets of the Empire. The Dominions and India have again and again erected stiff tariffs against British goods. Britain has accepted it. The motives behind British imperialism are not economic in the sense just indicated; they are defensive. The British community, unlike the American, is not settled in one large land block but is scattered over the face of the earth from Britain to Australia and New Zealand and South Africa. If that community is to be defended at all—while the world is failing in its efforts to create an international security system—then the lines of communication over the ocean highways must be kept open. That again, involves Gibraltars, and Maltas, and Adens—"imperialism."

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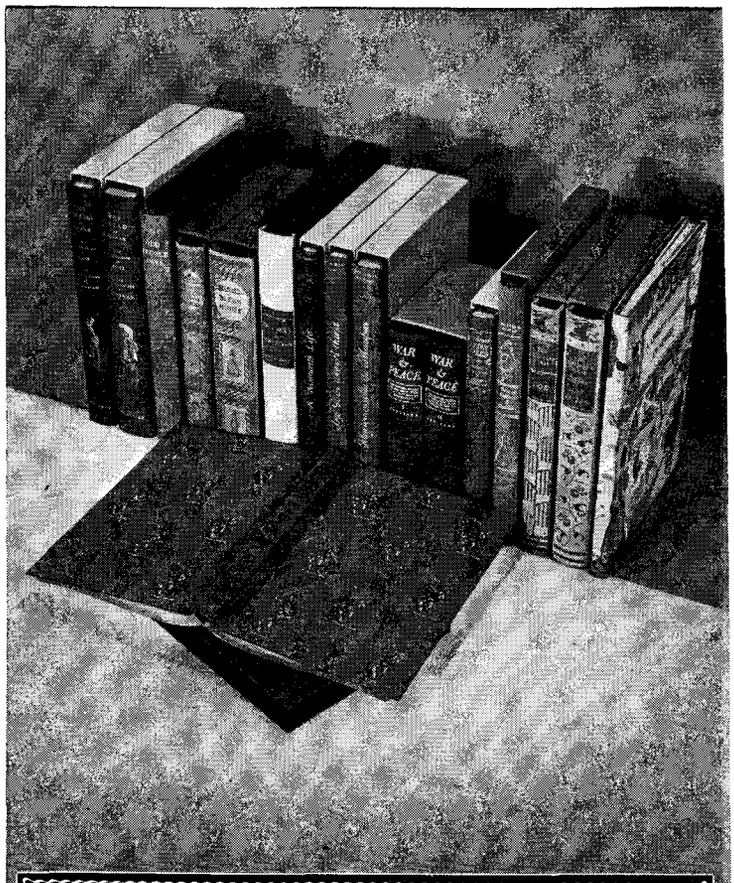

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WHAT I LEARNED ABOUT CONGRESS

(*Continued from page 8*)

his office, so he presses the buzzer three times. This is almost the equivalent of a four-alarm fire; and even if the tram has started on its way to the other side, it has to go into abrupt reverse to pick up its dashing cargo.

My cellar adventure resulted in my being five minutes late for the next class. The Senate had already convened when I entered the gallery with Mr. Martin, but it was difficult to know that by observing the men on the floor. Perhaps a half dozen men were seated on the Democratic side of the chamber, a dozen on the Republican side, and men were walking up and down as well as in and out, and the chatter sent up a constant drone. The presiding officer, in the absence of Mr. Wallace, was Senator Guy M. Gillette, of Iowa, who was earnestly engaged in a side conversation with Senator Barkley.

Through it all came the overtones of some solid oratory. Someone was making a speech that I never would have believed had I not actually heard it. It seemed too typical to be true. It was about the virtues of the *great* American middle class, about how everyone was taking advantage of that *great* bulwark of American democracy, and how it was high time Congress recognized its tremendous responsibility to the *great* white class. Senator Barkley, quickly realizing that the speaker had intended to say "white collar class," politely tried to correct the blunder,* but that only served to stiffen the speaker, and he became more and more emphatic about less and less as he went along. What he had been leading up to so eloquently amounted to a demand for higher ceiling prices.

Another Senator chimed in to support the claim. He told about the ominous situation as it pertained to hogs and cattle and predicted a meat shortage in the near future. Two sentences later he was complaining about freight cars loaded with beef at sidings waiting futilely for buyers.

"Mr. Chairman," someone was saying, "this is the most outrageous situation I have ever heard of in my life."

Then someone said he wanted to pass along to the Senate a statement that had been told him in confidence about the cattle situation, but he was not at liberty to state the source of the information although he would be glad to divulge the source should anyone want to know it (*sic*). This confidential information, he said, was that the cattle situation was the most confused it has been in years.

Period.

The matter of unfair hog prices was being aired with considerable gravity when an usher tapped my shoulder and told me that visitors were not permitted to take notes. Spying the press gallery at the other side, I thought it would simplify matters if I continued my notes from that section, only to discover that only representatives of daily newspapers are entitled to work there. Not even weekly newspapers or news periodicals such as *Time* or *Newsweek* or *United States News* can use the Senate press gallery. This was an interesting curiosity and I asked the guard whether those magazines had tried to get the rule changed.

"Now don't start that war all over again," he said. "If you're from a magazine you'll have to rely on your memory."

When I returned to the gallery, Senator Taft came up to take me to lunch. He was accompanied by Senator John A. Danaher, of Connecticut, my own state, which I guess made me something of a constituent.

"We've got to cultivate the literary folk, now that elections are coming up," Senator Taft said laughingly.

On the way to the Senate restaurant, Senator Taft said he couldn't understand what all the noise was about that morning on the imminent shortage of beef, remarking that the present beef inventory was extremely high, yet only a few months ago the same scares were raised. I asked whether it was purely coincidental that the beef shortage scares were almost automatically followed with a proposal of higher prices. The Senator smiled.

The Senate lunchroom is as free of any decorative ostentation as a cane chair. I don't suppose it has been redecorated since the last war. There is a large table in the center which can accommodate perhaps fourteen or sixteen persons; the remaining tables are average sized and are spread alongside the walls. On the far side of the room I observed Senator Robert La-Follette sitting with his young son, aged eight or nine. There was a generous sprinkling of women around the room, most of them wives or daughters of Senators.

Whatever the situation may be around the rest of the country with regard to runaway restaurant prices,

*The only other blunder of this type I was able to catch during the day was a reference to Iceland, instead of Finland, in connection with the regular payment on her debt.

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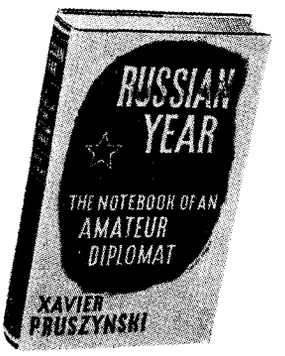

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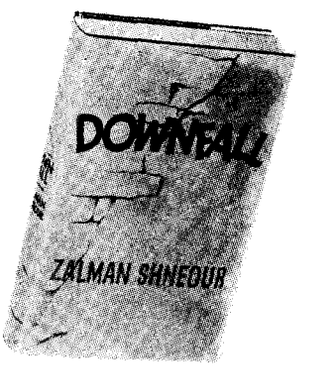

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the Senate menu certainly indicates and justifies the existence of an OPA. For seventy-five cents or a dollar you can order a meal unobtainable under a dollar and a half in New York or under two dollars in any commercial restaurant in Washington itself.

Most of the discussion at lunch was in the nature of shop talk about mail, answered and unanswered, about long-distance telephone calls from irate constituents, about lobbyists, about legislation, about other Senators. I learned that the average Congressman lives in constant dread of form letters sent over his signature to people who ought to receive personal attention; that he never has enough time to take care of his job properly; that what with committee meetings, Senate sessions, and the plaguing daily mail, he keeps falling behind even though he may keep his office open three or four nights a week.

Toward the end of the meal, someone rushed up and asked my hosts to hurry back onto the floor. It seemed that Senator Bridges was crying for help on some appropriations measure.

So far as I could see, the plea didn't make much of an impression.

MEANWHILE, Senator Wherry, the party whip, was going from table to table, in the Senate lunchroom, relaying Senate Bridges's call for succor. If anyone got up promptly, I failed to notice it.

The conversation became more general after this. We got on to the news, with cross-references to newspaper and magazine articles, and I was both surprised and pleased to find Senator Taft quoting with obvious relish from an item in *The New Yorker's* "Talk of the Town." The subject of Wendell Willkie's series of newspaper articles came up, and Senator Taft said that he agreed with the piece on the Negro problem, but that most of the other articles were "the same old New Deal stuff all over again."

I suggested that perhaps that was why so many people seemed to think so highly of them, and then pointed to the *New York Herald Tribune* as a newspaper that could be opposed to the New Deal and yet favor Mr. Willkie's articles. Senator Taft shook his head to that, describing the *New York Herald Tribune* as a "Willkie house organ."

After lunch, we returned to the Senate gallery, with Senator Taft sitting alongside me and identifying the various members of Congress. A debate on a supplementary appropriation bill was on the floor at the time and we leaned forward to hear Senator Kenneth McKellar, of Tennessee, as he orated on States' rights. At that moment, someone who had just come down the aisle whispered to Senator Taft, who turned to me and said, simply:

"American bombers are over Japan."

Down below, on the floor of the Senate, young men rushed up and down relaying the news. It was a dramatic moment.

Once the messengers left, there was nothing to indicate that anything exceptional had happened. Confusion and small talk. Senators strolling in and out. A handful of men in their seats. I had the strange feeling that I was in a never-never land utterly removed from the war. I thought of American planes over Japan, wondering where they came from, wondering how many might never return. And out of the mist of the strange world in which I found myself words would come drifting up to me from the floor, words about hogs and prices that ought to be higher, about items on appropriation bills that ought to be put in or left out, about States' rights. . . .

Wouldn't someone shut off the noise? Wouldn't someone raise the curtain on reality if only for a moment by saying something about what was happening in the world at that second?

Finally, a dark man stood up in the far corner of the floor and asked to be recognized. It was Senator Claude Pepper, of Florida.

"Mr. Chairman," he began, "word has just been received that American B-29 planes have bombed Japan proper. I believe it is only fitting that the Senate should pause at this time both to pay tribute to our aviators and to reflect upon the historic importance of this news. It means that the theories of long-range, land-based aviation have proven themselves. It means that the war will be brought home to the enemy as never before. It means that America has come a long way from the brink of chaos on which it found itself on the evening of December 7, 1941. It means that . . ."

He was interrupted. Senator Clyde M. Reed, of Kansas, was asking a question.

"Did I understand the Senator from Florida to say that B-29 planes were the ones that did the bombing?"

Senator Pepper nodded.

"Well, then," sang out Senator Reed, "does everyone here know where those marvelous machines come from? They come from good old Kansas."

Thus saying, the Senator chuckled loudly and went back to his seat, obviously very happy with himself for having given his all for dear old Kansas.

After a momentary exposure to the face of reality, the Senate had snapped back into place.

I stepped outside for a breath of air.

NEXT stop was the House of Representatives. Senator Taft escorted me over. We didn't say much. Our minds were nine thousand miles away.

I confess that I was in no mood for the general pandemonium that burst upon me when I walked into the House gallery. I had expected confusion and disorder far beyond what I had witnessed in the Senate, since the House has more than four times as many members and physically is at least two or three times as large, but I was prepared for nothing like this. Let me try to give the picture as I saw it:

Perhaps one-fifth of the Representatives were in their seats and were listening to the business at hand. The others were either clustered together in talkative little groups or were walking around chattering, or both. One of the Congressmen was bouncing a young child on his knee. Twice each minute the speaker had to rap for order; a comparative hush would follow the last rap of the gavel but would last perhaps five or ten seconds and the general commotion would start up all over again.

Since it is next to impossible to hear any Congressman from his seat, a microphone is set up at the rostrum in front of the Speaker's platform. A tall young-looking Congressman was speaking into the microphone at this time. The amplification system blared out his words but the combination of the overall din and the poor acoustics made it difficult to snatch more than a phrase here and there. It was a curious and disturbing experience. People talking, talking. Hardly anyone listening. Now and then someone would ask to be heard, interrupting the speaker at the microphone. He would be recognized from the chair despite the general blur, and he would shout from his seat, but you couldn't hear anything. His lips would move, but that would be all. Or perhaps he would hurry down to say something in front of the microphone, but it only served to magnify the meaningless confusion.

With the feeling that I had aged at least ten years, I returned to Senator Taft's office for the concluding portion of the course. I sat alongside the Senator's desk while he carried on his regular business, the most conspicuous feature of which was its enforced lack of continuity. Unending interruptions by telephone calls, unexpected visitors, and office details reminded me some-

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what of the editor's office of a magazine with which I have some familiarity.

There were telephone calls from Clarence Streit, the author of "Union Now," who wanted the Senator to join him at dinner; from John D. M. Hamilton, who inquired on the progress of the Bricker campaign; from John T. Flynn, who wanted to show the Senator a statement he was preparing; from Alice Roosevelt Longworth, who extended a social invitation; and from several others from within the building.

So that my instruction would be as complete as possible, the Senator invited me to remain in his office while he received visitors. This may or may not have been disconcerting to the callers. It is possible that some of them left earlier than they had originally planned. At any rate, I took some comfort in the knowledge that I could reciprocate in some measure at least for the Senator's many favors.

It was now close to six o'clock, and I wanted to take up some general questions with the Senator that had occurred to me during the course of the day. First of all, I confessed my disappointment and apprehension at what I had seen on the floors of Congress. Even the Senate, for all its traditional dignity, seemed to be less a deliberative than an *adliberative* body. So far that day I had heard nothing except jockeying around to favor one group or another at the expense of another. Was the Senate becoming nothing more than a sounding board for petty gripes?

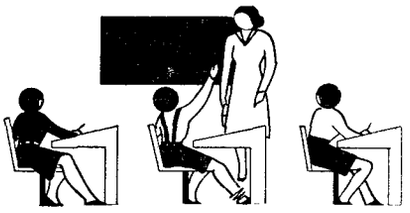
"There's no place quite like this in the world," Senator Taft answered. "Anyone can get up at almost any time and talk about anything under the face of the sun. It makes for a good deal of confusion and a good deal of noise. There is a saying that the Senate gets its business done by unanimous consent or physical exhaustion. Sometimes you wonder whether anything at all is accomplished. But the surprise, actually, is how much really does get done despite all the appearance of disorder.

"When I first came here as a freshman Senator, it took me a year to get over my disillusion. Back in the State Legislature in Ohio everything was done with a sense of order and purpose. Here, I spent the first few months doing almost nothing except finding out where I was supposed to be and at what time, and trying to pick my way through the confusion. But after awhile I got the hang of things and came around to the realization that, even if we do blunder through somewhat, the important thing is that free government is maintained—whatever its faults."

This seemed like the logical finale to my education on Congress, and I got up to leave. I expressed my gratitude to the Senator, whom I found to be an effective and engaging teacher, and he, in turn, extended an open invitation to me to return at any time for postgraduate work.

* * *

RETURNING on the train that night, I went over the day's lessons. Uppermost in my mind, of course, was Congress as I had actually seen it in action. I could still hear the bedlam,



reminding me of an indefinite extension of the seventh-inning stretch at a ball game. I wish I could say I exaggerate. I wish I could say that so long as they blunder through, as Senator Taft put it, there is no point in bothering about it or even wondering about it.

True, I had been there at a bad time. Appropriation bills always make for chaotic and uninteresting sessions. Even so, I honestly can't help being bothered about it. I honestly can't help wondering about it. Yes; I know it is a thousand times better than a hall full of men whose minds click and keep pace just as do their heels. It is a thousand times better than hundreds of mouths chanting "Ja!" in unison. And if disorder and commotion are the price we have to pay for democratic institutions, then the price is utterly cheap and let the confusion reign supreme. But surely there must be a happy medium somewhere.

It hasn't always been this way. Congress hasn't always been a sounding board making big noises over small things. When De Tocqueville wrote his now-classic study of the American Government more than a hundred years ago, he was impressed with the tremendous sense of responsibility and prestige of Congress. When Bryce wrote his "American Commonwealth" only fifty years ago, he, too, came away with a feeling of the towering dignity of the legislative branches of our Government. But both writers also seemed to recognize that this magnificent framework had to be periodically strengthened; they seemed to recognize that the flexibility of the Congress could under certain circumstances become as great a disadvantage as it was an advantage.

It would be presumptuous of me to say what these "certain circumstances" are, but I should like to report my

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feeling that the blame cannot be placed upon the individual members of Congress or Congress itself as an institution. I agree with Jerry Voorhis, who asked people in a recent magazine article to "stop kicking Congress around." If Congress goes, we can kiss our democracy goodbye. The problem before us is to find out why and how it is that Congress has gotten this way, and then see if we can't help to restore something of an equilibrium.

What, then, is wrong with Congress? It isn't only the noise and the confusion, for those, after all, may be only external exercises which can be blotted out by a pair of sturdy earmuffs. But what troubles me is that the noise and confusion may be indicative of inner weaknesses.

In the first place, a Congressman's job is markedly different from what it was a generation or more ago. It is absolutely impossible for a Congressman today to meet all the demands upon him which are now inherent in the job. At one time, legislation was his chief concern. Today, legislation must take turns with dozens of other jobs, and this applies to Representatives and Senators both. The mail alone, if it is to be handled right, is a full-time job. There are at least twice as many letters today flooding in upon Congress as there were ten years ago. Personal calls from constituents are heavier than ever before, and a Congressman who wants to keep his job can't afford to turn away too many of them.

Then, too, the Congressman has inevitably become more of a lobbyist than he is a legislator. He is expected not only to vote but to use his influence in getting others to vote. He is expected to intercede for a business firm in his state or district which feels it is being discriminated against by a Government agency.

Most important, of course, is the matter of The Party. There are meetings and conferences and phone calls and letters, and sometimes hurried trips home to straighten out political snarls. There is no point in being falsely altruistic about this; a man who is interested enough to run for office in the first place is also interested in being reëlected.

What this all amounts to is that the largest part of a Congressman's time is almost inevitably taken up with activities which bear on his reëlection. If this seems to be putting it too strongly, then we can at least say that the largest part of his time is taken up with activities that have little or nothing to do with a national legislative program. Certainly this is bound to reflect itself in the work of Congress as a whole. Men who are preoccupied with comparative trivia off the floor of Congress do not experience a revelation in high statesmanship the moment they step on the floor.

There is a disposition to excuse all this by saying that the real work of Congress is done in Committee, and that most Congressmen keep up with current business by following *The Congressional Record.* While I do not doubt that Congressmen have come to lean on the Committees and *The Record,* I fail to see this as an adequate substitute. Otherwise, we shall have to admit that the floors of Congress are the greatest gymnasium for shadow-boxing in the world.

Still on the subject of time requirements, what about keeping well informed? That takes time, and plenty of it. I see no evidence to indicate that this particular demand has not frequently become an expendable. If wisdom depends upon knowledge, and knowledge upon information, and information upon time, one can readily understand how there is hardly time to be wise.

Faced with this drastic assortment of demands, the average Senator or Representative finds it impossible to attend the full daily session of his branch of Congress. Yet his name must appear on the roll calls; he must vote; occasionally he must make himself heard. Thus we have the peripatetic, or perhaps we should say perapathetic, Congressman who drops in and out, but who can never stay long enough to sink his teeth into any real legislative meat. Thus we have the noise and the confusion, which, as I said earlier, are actually and ominously indicative of deep-seated causes and strains.

Some members of Congress have protested that there has been afoot for the last few years an attempt to undermine not only the power but the prestige of Congress. If the institution of Congress has been weakened, then only Congress can answer for that. Only Congress can fix its own level. It can be as great or as inept as it chooses to be. It can play a vital part in the shaping of the peace or can trail meekly behind. It can be progressive or retrogressive, constructive or obstructive. There is no ceiling over its possibilities. But before these possibilities can be fulfilled, they must be recognized for what they are. A man who does not know where he wants to go is hardly likely to get there.

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ALMANAC FOR SUMMER READING

(*Continued from page 9*)

Don't Know" (Random House), by Ward Greene.

August 3

Constance Helmerick's title explains itself in "We Live in Alaska" (Little, Brown).

August 10

Commander Kenneth McCracken writes memoirs of personal experience on one of the small carriers of our Navy in "Baby Flat-Top" (Farrar & Rinehart). . . . Followers of a popular radio program will welcome its main character's incarnation in book form in "Dr. Christian's Office" (Random House), by Jean Hersholt.

August 11

Beginners in the language will find "An Invitation to Portuguese" (Simon & Schuster), by Margarita Madrigal and Henriquita Chamberlain, issued this day, a quick way to acquiring elementary facility in it.

August 14

The Bretton Woods monetary conference in July should prepare the way for interest in John H. Williams's "Post-War Monetary Plans (Knopf). . . . Vivid in its descriptions of Italian invasion, Richard Tregaskis's "Invasion Diary" (Random House), is no less striking in its portrayal of the wounded correspondent's experience of and reactions to injury. . . . That excellent novelist, Ilya Ehrenburg, in "The Tempering of Russia: 1941-1942" (Knopf), turns to factual reporting of his country's war with Germany in a narrative as informative as it is vivid.

August 15

Food for the mystery story addicts in David Dodge's "Bullets for the Bridegroom" (Macmillan). . . . Margaret Shea describes what happened to "The Gals They Left Behind Them" (Washburn) when their husbands went off to war. . . . Louis Waldman presents chapters of personal experience in "Labor Lawyer" (Dutton).

August 17

H. F. Heard, otherwise Gerald Heard, historian, philosopher, scientist, and writer of a unique and delectable type of mystery stories, produces a book in the latter category in "The Great Fog and Other Stories" (Vanguard).

August 18

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August 21

Readers can start on a Good Neighbor policy of their own by securing German Arcinegas's "The Green Continent" (Knopf), a pearl among anthologies which precedes selections from representative Latin American writers with highly illuminating and always interesting analyses of the nations of which their authors are citizens.

August 23

A powerful and terrible book, Richard Wright's "American Hunger" (Harpers) gives fresh proof, if proof is needed, of the magnificent literary ability of the author of "Native Son." . . . Aldous Huxley once again displays his perverse talent in "Time Must Have a Stop" (Harpers), the story of rebellious youth in tutelage to sophistication and cynicism. . . . Jacob Axelrad subtitles his biography of "Anatole France" (Harpers), "A Life Without Illusion." . . . Joseph Driscoll evaluates the situation at the present and forecasts success for United Nations arms next year in "Pacific Victory: 1945" (Scribners).

August 24

Designed for Everyman, which means you: "You, the Jury," by Jean Mayer Liebeler (Farrar & Rinehart), offers valuable advice to the ordinary citizen.

August 28

November elections are on the way and Karl Schriftgiesser's "The Gentleman from Massachusetts: Henry Cabot Lodge" (Little, Brown: *Atlantic Monthly Press*) is here. . . . So, too, is a new mystery-adventure story by Georges Simenon, "On the Danger Line" (Harcourt, Brace). . . . And a detective story by Frances Crane, "The Amethyst Spectacles" (Random House).

August 29

An historical novel, "Being Met Together" (Macmillan), by Vaughan Wilkins begins in the South Carolina of immediately post-Revolutionary days and places part of its melodramatic adventure in Europe. . . Hilary St. George Saunders, author of "Combined Operations" and one of the three visiting British publishers who toured this country last year, writes a sprightly account of his impressions of our United States in "Pioneers! O Pioneers!"

September 5

Foster Hailey's "Pacific Battle Line" (Macmillan) contains the personal

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
MEN DIE AT CYPRUS LODGE *John Rhode* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	English "haunted house" scene of murder solved by Insp. Waghorn, Dr. Priestly and Co.	Waghorn does customarily competent sleuthing job and learned Dr. writes capital finis to typically English detective story.	Good
UN-NEUTRAL MURDER *Hulbert Footner* (Harpers: $2.)	Amos Lee Mappin, Portugal bound, runs into suspicious characters aboard ship and has exciting time in Lisbon.	Adroit and urbane Mr. Mappin thwarts deep laid plans of Gestapo, narrowly escapes death, and settles hash of several Nazis.	Entertaining espionage
BUTTON, BUTTON *Marion Bramhall* (Crime Club: $2.)	Death of Cape Cod antique dealer solved by Lieut. Gifford of State police with assistance of young Kit Acton.	Louis XIV button has much to do in motivation and unraveling of not-too-opaque plot—with some lively characterizations.	Average opus
JOHNNIE *Dorothy B. Hughes* (Duell, Sloan & Pearce: $2.50)	Texas G. I. on first trip to N. Y. follows suspicious subway rider and has hectic 24 hours.	Confused plot about two claimants to throne of Rudamia—or Trudamia—and their glamorous girl friends. Amusing in spots.	Ho-hum!

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memoirs of one of the ablest of Naval war correspondents.

September 6

William McFee spins a yarn in the Conradian vein in "Ship to Shore" (Random House).

September 8

Here's escape literature in "Married at Leisure" (Doubleday, Doran), by Virginia Lederer.

September 11

Sally Carrigher depicts the life of animals and insects which centers about a particular locality in the Far West in "One Day on Beetle Rock" (Knopf).

September 12

Samuel Duff McCoy writes a narrative of the merchant marine throughout the course of the war in "Nor Death Dismay" (Macmillan).

September 13

Time turns back in its course in Mazo de la Roche's "The Building of Jalna" (Little, Brown) for, though the latest of the Jalna books, it depicts the martinet old grandmother of the earliest volume in her youth.

September 14

Long overdue, an authoritative biography of Toussaint l'Ouverture appears in Ralph Korngold's "Citizen Toussaint" (Little, Brown).

September 16

"Enough and to Spare" (Harpers), by Kirtley F. Mather, is an exposition of "how Mother Earth can nourish every man in freedom."

September 18

Albert Maltz publishes "The Cross and the Arrow" (Little, Brown).

September 19

Mystery story ahoy—George Bellairs's "Murder of a Quack" (Macmillan).

September 23

"Your Kids and Mine," by Joey Brown, a serious book despite its authorship; "The Innovator," a religious novel by John Breet Robey; and the "O. Henry Memorial Award Stories for 1943," all come from the press of Doubleday, Doran.

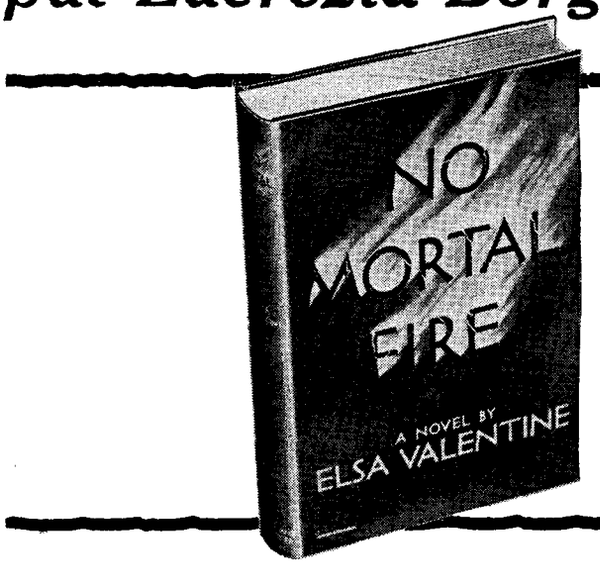
September 25

In "Can Do" (Dutton), William Bradford Huie presents the story of the Seabees.

September 26

The dramatic career of Jessie Benton Fremont is recounted by Irving Stone in "Immortal Wife" (Doubleday, Doran).

"Supercharged with a relentless intensity and distinguished by a female killer crafty enough to put Lucrezia Borgia to



shame, No Mortal Fire is fiction off the top shelf. No Mortal Fire is almost hypnotically fascinating, with she-devil Augusta a perfect symbol of evil. For fiction with psychological overtones, sans sugar-coating, this is a bell-ringer."

—CHICAGO NEWS

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The Phoenix Nest

INVASION DAY was too great a day for me to write about; but the world has learned, the hard way, how to fight and win against the forces of evil.

Another matter that made me praise God was the headline "Klan Disbands as National Body." Here was a Force of Evil that at one time claimed to be five million strong, and right in our midst. But it has withered in the exposure of its would-be reign of terror; and its cruelly childish kleagles and bogies and hobgoblins are things of the past. Yet back in the twenties its fiery crosses were horrible realities. It might be well to remember this as one of the so-called "healthy American manifestations," when you start blaming the writers of America for all the ills of the twenties. The Ku Klux Klan flourished in the twenties. It was popular. It was defended. It played a role in the national elections of 1924 and 1928. Praise be to the Supreme Court which, in 1928, hastened its decline by demanding publicity for its regulations, oaths, and memberships! Darkness can never stand the light.

E. C. McCants of Anderson, S. C., feels that the inhabitants of Polltaxia are to be victimized by a repetition of this maneuver: "This real cause of the so-called War Between the States is to be found in the desire of New Englanders to continue to tax, indirectly of course, agriculture for the benefit of the manufacturers. But because of political ineptitude we of the South allowed this purpose to be obscured by a shrewd flank attack on the indefensible institution of slavery." He feels the attack on the Poll Tax to be the same kind of flank attack. He continues as follows:

> The true question at issue is not whether or not an inconsequential poll tax is to be levied but is whether the constitutional right of a state to prescribe the qualifications of its voters is to be preserved—whether the trend of our government shall be toward or away from totalitarianism.
>
> I hold no brief for the poll tax. The revenue from this source is negligible and the tax burden itself is so inconsiderable that I doubt if a single white person is because of it deterred from casting a vote. And as far as the Negroes are concerned I am convinced that in the absence of more potent deterrents the Negro vote would also be unaffected.
>
> In speaking of the small vote cast in the general elections in this state I am sure that a gentleman as well informed as yourself is aware that this is attributable, not to the poll tax, but to the regrettable one-party system that obtains in the Southern states. Political battles in such states are fought in the primaries. Why should I trouble in the general election to go to the polls merely to "rubber stamp" that which has already been decided?
>
> I feel sure, therefore, that to prevent the question from being used as a stalkinghorse for a further invasion of the rights of the states it is advisable that the people of "Polltaxia" voluntarily abolish all poll taxes.
>
> But I have little hope that we will do any such thing. Your average Southerner, if not altogether a democrat, is most certainly an individualist and as such prone to react violently against any infringement on what he may regard as his right or his privilege. He can be coerced, but he who coerces him will emerge from the struggle entirely conscious that there has been a fight.

I should greatly welcome comment upon this situation by my friend Allan Nevins or his collaborator in American history, Mr. Commager. It seems to me that the Poll Tax and its abolition is so vital a matter for American self-respect that it ought to be analyzed in every detail, with all its ramifications. It appears to me that once more the question of States Rights has been invoked to put the best interests of the Union in peril. Neither do Americans wish sectionalism to jeopardize the democratic development of the country as a whole.

Not so long ago *Life* printed photographs of a so-called fox-hunt in the Middle West, the fox in this instance being ringed round by humans and beaten to death with clubs. Not only were these photographs the most frightful comment upon human callousness I have ever seen, but they deeply offended every instinct of the sportsman. Harlan Roberson of Rock Port, Missouri, writes me,

> Being by vocation a farmer and *SRL* reader, I have small time for other pursuits; hence, a careful reader of one of our national peek magazines had to tell me how the fox is hunted in Holmes County, Ohio. I looked up the issue and am now ready to give the land back to the Indians. I had just read "Plowman's Folly" and it occurred to me that the lust and greed illustrated by pictures of the hunt have despoiled a good part of the America we have inherited. I reflected, too, that our folly has begun to come home in the shape of flood, drought, and pest damage. From here 'twas but a step to the admitted enclosed atrocity . . .

No atrocity, Mr. Roberson—but a darn good poem! Here it is:

MAN IS THE FOX

Grimly the circle, like a western noose,
  Narrows. The victim fox, alive but spent,
Evades the first hurled club and dares seek truce
  With death, despite the trampling mob's intent.
Level the forest, plow away the grass,
  Turn summer into drought, change spring to flood;
Hunt down, exterminate for bounty's brass
  Wild life: paint nature's order out in blood.
The fate of man rests on one foot of soil
  Scraped by slow centuries from barren rocks.
Those who produce, survive: Man is the fox,
  Trapped by waste and spoilage, spent from toil.
Man is the fox—stripped and alone in need,
Beaten by clubs of ignorance and greed.

I thank Robert White of New Castle, Pennsylvania for his interesting letter about Chicago. And Ivan Swift calls my attention to Cpl. Technician Louis Lasley of Harbor Springs, Michigan, who died of pneumonia at Sherborne, England, early in March, but wrote a song on the Engineers which has remarkable verve. I quote it in part: That Michigan boy was a Soldier!

THE ENGINEERS

The Engineers have hairy ears,
  And hairy, harried faces.
Robust and rough, they do their stuff,
  In all the toughest places.

For they're the babies who take the raps,
  The boobs who probe the booby traps,
The scouts ahead of the scouting lines,
  Cutting the wires and hunting the mines.

And they are the playboys, gay and bright
  Who crack pill-boxes with dynamite;
And they are the fellows who fell the trees
  While the bullets hum like a swarm of bees.

Fraser Young's Literary Crypt: No. 53

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. The solution to Crypt No. 53 will be found in the next issue.

(Suggested by A. R. Nykl)

FURS IN PELAMUIM FOR UP TIRZAMPORY KUYX MUWXYAIEPRAPP. FURS IN FAOR FOR UP TIRZAMPORY KUYX WOUR.

—TIRNETUEP.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 52

THE YOUTH GETS TOGETHER HIS MATERIALS TO BUILD A BRIDGE TO THE MOON, OR PERCHANCE, A PALACE OR TEMPLE ON THE EARTH, AND, AT LENGTH, THE MIDDLE-AGED MAN CONCLUDES TO BUILD A WOODSHED WITH THEM.

—THOREAU.

—JOURNAL.

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The Engineers they grease the gears
That the Army transport runs on.
And, foot by foot, build roads they put
  The trucks and tanks and guns on.

They drill for water through desert
    dunes
  And over the river they toss pon-
    toons.
They slap down runways in fields of
    mud,
  And some of the ooze is the ooze of
    blood.

The Engineers are cavaliers
  Who join with log and boulders;
A task that's done with half a ton
  Of junk upon their shoulders.

For they are the lugs who lug the most
  Of loads that land on a hostile coast,
And they are the guys when equipment
    fails,
  Scratch out a ditch with their finger
    nails.

Tiffany Thayer writes me:

Could the magazine being sought by Mrs. Russo or Miss Trotter be

John-a-Dreams

?

I have several copies of that periodical, but none in 1905. In fact, I think it was extinct before 1905.

What makes me think *John-a-Dreams* might be the curio sought, besides the word "Dream" in the title, is the fact that in the "Eostre" number, April, 1897, Vol. 2, No. 4, are four pen and ink drawings by Newton (*sic*) Booth Tarkington. Two of the drawings illustrate a poem entitled "The Sundial." No author is named. The other two embellish a short poem by Edward W. Bryant.

I also have old *Life* magazines containing drawings and verses by Newton Booth T. . . . I am told, however, that his memory becomes the faculty he forgets with whenever these early verses are mentioned. . . . Can the boss be sabotaging his own amenuensis?

Which makes me rack my brains for the man who wrote "Poe's Run & Other Poems," which, though an Eli, I greatly appreciated in my undergraduate days, and to which Tarkington contributed some pen and ink illustrations. That was back in the days when the name of Poe was of fearful merit to New Haven. All the Poes could run, kick, or pass. The Poes had all the genius of their celebrated poet-forebear, except that they put it into football; and always pulled a game out of the fire at the last minute, like something out of Ralph Henry Barbour!

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. Burns. 2. Goldsmith. 3. J. Miller. 4. Southey. 5. B. L. Taylor. 6. Byron. 7. V. Lindsay. 8. Wordsworth. 9. Longfellow. 10. Scott. 11. Canning. 12. C. E. Carryll. 13. Lanier. 14. Browning. 15. Noyes. 16. Housman. 17. Kipling. 18. E. L. Thayer. 19. Fitzgerald. 20. Arnold. 21. Wilde. 22. Keats. 23. Tennyson. 24. Chaucer. 25. Masters. 26. Foster. 27. T. Moore. 28. E. A. Robinson. 29. W. S. Gilbert. 30. Cowper. 31. Coleridge. 32. Poe. 33. Edward Lear.

PERSONALS

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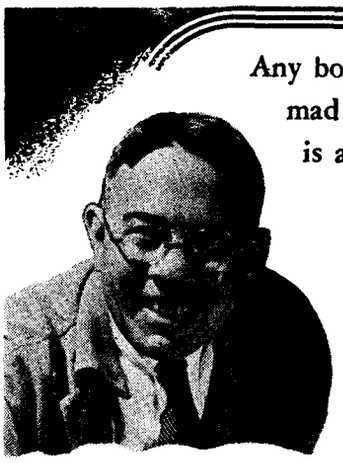
IS THERE A GIRL who enjoys life in all its phases who'll correspond? Box 701-J.

(*Continued on page* 42)



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PERSONALS

(*Continued from page 41*)

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The Crostics Club

"NO changes of any sort in the printing of the Answer to DC" seems to be the verdict from those thus far heard from; though it's a bit early as I'm doing this column ahead of time that I may get away for a few weeks. I'll no doubt be back by the time you read it, bringing with me evidence of a brief sojourn in the Library of Wellesley College. Accustomed to the use of New York City's big library, most adequate as it is for my purposes, nevertheless 'tis a keen joy to browse in more intimate college libraries. Sherwood Larned, Saugerties, N. Y., waxes eloquent in

The fun is in the angling, not the catch,
Against your wit, 'tis ours we like to match.
A pony, though inverted, tempts us peek.
I vote you let us struggle for a week.

And Mrs. Elliott M. Grant, Williamstown, Mass., Mrs. Albert M. Cole, Indianapolis, Edward W. Weiler, N. Y. City, agree. Mr. Weiler compares doing a DC to mountain climbing—narrow pathways walled in by trees, a few preliminary glimpses through them, then all of a sudden, and almost unexpected, the complete view, and though you climb to the top the "excitement is over, for the view from the top does not materially alter the view you have already achieved."

Dr. Romola Lyons, Englewood, N. J., and Mrs. T. W. Todd, Palo Alto, Calif., in reply to my query as to any more comments on DCs, seem to think that puzzlers should take DCs as they come. But, after all, good-natured criticism leads to progress, and we do want to satisfy you within reason. Mrs. Todd chides you thus:

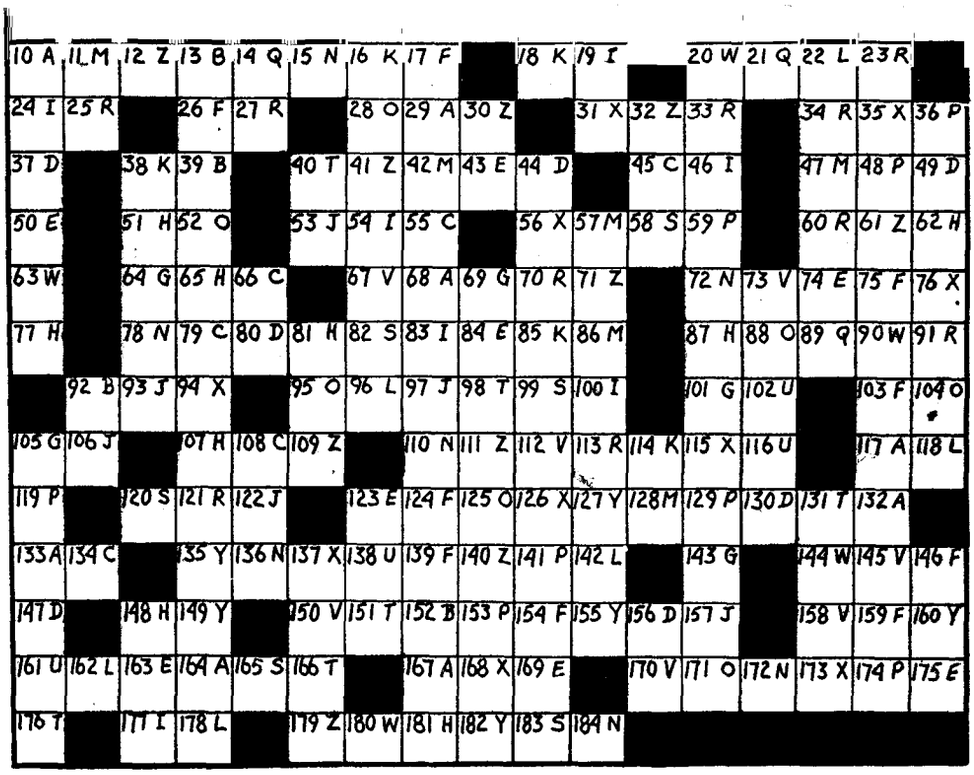
You *like* your DCs piping hot
Straight from the ESKy melting pot.
(Oh yes you do,
You graceless crew,
You'd tell our Missus what is what.)

The easy roads are clear in view.
No pits or snares, no path to hew;
No turnings new
Known to the few,
No deep morass to labor through;

And yet you turn with "itching feet"
To pathless woods from Easy Street!
From cries of pain
I beg refrain—
The rougher the road, the better the beat.

A recent caller was Mrs. Helen E. Baker, DCer from Glens Falls, N. Y., and her sister, Mrs. Burlingame. We had a DC-making seance. And Mrs. Baker is already victimizing her friends. It was fun so soon after reading Ferris Greenslet's "Under the Bridge," in which Glens Falls figures so largely, to meet neighbors of his and his family.

E. S. K.



Double-Crostics: No. 535

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1940 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 28 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Supporters of the Stuarts or their claims after 1688.

B. A starch similar to sago.

C. German explorer and naturalist in Brazil and N. A. (1782-1867).

D. Quite (2 wds.; colloq.)

E. Novel by Scott whose subtitle is " 'Tis Sixty Years Since."

F. Mythical name for Galofalo (Italy).

G. Italian composer and musical theorist (1550-1613).

H. To block out (a model, poem, etc.)

I. A freckly pigmentation of the skin.

J. Leader in Secession Movement and Party with Breckinbridge for President (1814-63).

K. Highest mountain of Lepontine Alps between Switzerland and Italy.

L. One of two similarly called books in the Apocrypha.

M. Messenger of the Congress to notify Washington of his election to the President—also Secretary of Congress (1774-89).

N. More frequent.

O. A son of Noah (Bib.)

P. Equal odds in betting (2 wds.)

Q. Infatuation or blind impulse leading on to ruin.

R. English actress and manager (1870-); ("Camille"; "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray").

S. Great English music critic and author (1868-).

T. Cymbeline's daughter (Shakespeare).

U. English statesman (1897-).

V. A countersign.

W. Having the margins irregularly notched as if gnawed (Bot.)

X. Leading German general and politician (1865-1937).

Y. Summoned to one's presence (2 wds.)

Z. Derived from thoroughbred stock (horses, etc.; comp.)

WORDS

167	29	117	68	133	164	132	3	10
92	39	13	152					
108	66	79	45	6	134	55		
130	49	37	80	44	9	156	147	
169	123	84	43	163	175	50	74	
139	103	159	146	17	26	124	75	154
143	105	64	69	7	101			
62	148	51	77	65	181	107	81	87
83	46	54	24	177	100	19		
122	53	93	157	106	97			
16	114	38	18	85				
162	178	142	96	118	22			
128	2	57	47	86	11	42		
78	136	72	184	110	15	172		
125	171	52	28	104	95	88		
153	36	5	119	129	48	59	141	174
21	14	89						
121	91	60	113	27	33	70	25	34	23
165	82	58	183	120	99			
98	40	151	166	176	131			
138	161	116	102					
158	8	1	170	67	112	145	73	150
20	90	63	144	180				
173	126	56	168	76	94	35	115	137	31
127	135	160	155	149	182	4		
61	32	140	179	12	111	41	109	71	80

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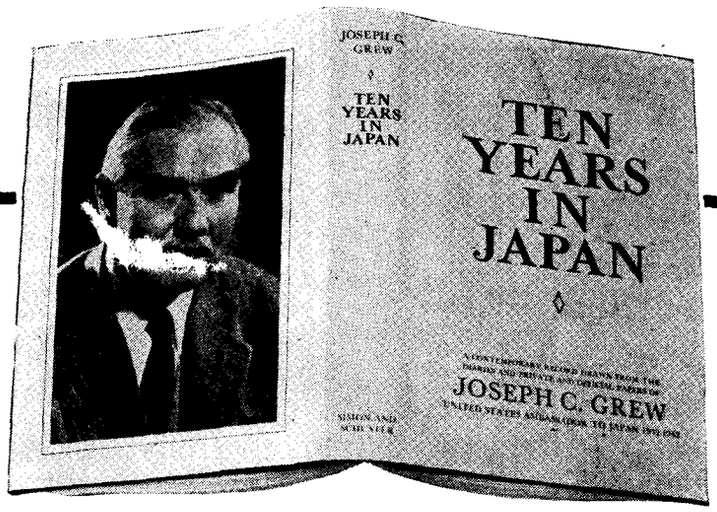

Why has Ambassador Grew's Book Become a Best-Seller?

WITHIN a month of the publication of *Ten Years in Japan,* this book has become one of the outstanding best-sellers throughout the country. It has received a flood of praise from reviewers everywhere. This must be not only because of the book's great historical importance, but also because of its exciting personal story, its drama and human interest. A few passages from some of the reviews of *Ten Years in Japan* are reprinted here.

Henry C. Wolfe, in the Saturday Review of Literature: "This is a glorious book—a book to make Americans proud. *Ten Years in Japan* is vivid with humorous anecdote, personal experience, incisive portraiture and the malapropisms of Japanese newspaper English. Every American ought to read it, and certainly anyone who doesn't believe that our war with Japan was inevitable."

Orville Prescott, in the New York Times: "*Ten Years in Japan* is convincing proof that in Joseph C. Grew the United States had an Ambassador who served it well, a man who was not only a gifted diplomat, but a shrewd observer who kept his chiefs at home authoritatively informed. Other books tell more about Japanese history, social structure, civilization and peculiar ways of thought. But it is most unlikely that any other will ever tell as much about the day-to-day diplomatic developments of that fateful decade. It is another of those increasingly numerous books that will be important sources for future histories of our time."

Wilfrid Fleischer, in the Baltimore Sun: "*Ten Years in Japan,* is a living history of the critical decade that preceded Pearl Harbor. It is a book which is of vital importance to every American. This is not only important reading. It is indispensable reading for any American who has a heart in the great struggle of today."

Charles Lee, in the Philadelphia Record: "*Ten Years in Japan* is a solid, illuminating, and impressively earnest work, whose indispensability as a source volume for historians and biographers is apparent from its very nature. This is history at the source, and for as long as America endures it may be hoped that Grew's book will not be forgotten."

Nathaniel Peffer, in the New York Times Book Review: "When the historians come to their mortuary work on the causes of the war in the Pacific, they will have to examine this volume closely, of course. And this can be said with confidence: they will find that America's official representative in Japan, so far from pushing his country's material interest at any cost, fought vigorously and genuinely to keep his country from being plunged into war. And when the verdict is formulated it will be found that he contributed much toward absolving his country of guilt of war. That redounds to the credit of America, and, still more, to the credit of Joseph Grew."

Ray McPartlin, in the Boston Globe: "It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of *Ten Years in Japan.* It is a public document of immediate usefulness. There is no volume now on the shelves or on the 1944 horizon to challenge the claim of *Ten Years in Japan* to be the most important publication of the year."

Jonathan Daniels, in the Book-of-the-Month Club News: "Here in human as well as official terms is the best description of our adversary in the East which anyone has given since war began. In revealing combination Ambassador Grew has added statesmen to geisha girls, audiences with the Emperor to golf course conversations, dinner parties to assassinations, gossip to documents, to make one of the wisest and certainly one of the most interesting books about the Japanese as a people at peace and a people moving in violence to overwhelming war."

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